

OLD SERIES. XL
NEW SERIES. XXI

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

NO. 50

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is here—not only in Centre county—but on every inch of God's footstool. It has joy for every locality and for each human being.

Among all christian peoples of the earth the 25th of December is accepted as Christ's birthday—though this date cannot be established with any positiveness. But it was about this time of the month of December, and the 25th is as near as reckoning, from an examination of sacred writings, can establish—hence it has been accepted.

The Roman church adopted this day and celebrated it. The Greek church had fixed January 6 as the birthday of Christ, and celebrated accordingly. The 6th of January has no testimony that is undoubted, or that fixes it as near the precise time of the greatest of all events as the 25th of December, hence the Protestant and Roman world celebrate this day, and the Greek church a few centuries later also accepted it.

As a day of gladness and rejoicing and holy festivity, its celebration dates back to the earliest centuries of the Christian era. Many celebrate an entire week—make of it a holiday week—hence the day is not material, for in that period the Redeemer was born.

The universal custom of making presents or gifts, at Christmas, is in commemoration of the great gift of God to man, presenting his only begotten Son; that mankind might be saved.

All festivities, all gifts, given at Christmas, are proper, but should be given only as commemorative tokens of the birth of the Saviour and to carry with them the lessons taught by the Redeemer who sat upon earth. Let all rejoice and be glad then—let all give gifts who can, and small as they may be, if with proper motive, they count as largely as the widows mite.

We wish each and every reader of the REPORTER a merry Christmas.

M'Sparran is a Granger in whom there is no guile or spoil.

Harrison is still in a sweat over the Centre Hall and Bellefonte postmaster-ships.

Nearly 108,000 for Cleveland over Harrison. Well, the Democracy are not licked after all.

It is said Quay and Rutan have got to that stage where neither one will wish the other a merry Christmas.

If Congress does not cut down letter postage to one cent, then let it do the next best thing—authorize two postal cards to be sold for one cent.

The Democrats might as well be sappy about this thing and tell the Republicans they want to go up East river since Cleveland has 107,000 majority over Harrison.

Harrison is having great worry on account of the Platt and Miller factions in New York. Should either of these chiefs get into the cabinet the other swears war against the administration.

Neither Col. Miliken, nor Gen. Hastings, nor Col. Coburn, have yet received word from Harrison that either one of them is slated for a cabinet position. Was is let's mit 'em Harrison?

A few days ago, in the Senate, Mr. Edmunds, speaking in favor of the monopolistic tariff, had the impudence to say that the American workingman, if he behaved himself, could live in luxury, and in fact he drew a remarkably pleasant picture of the condition of the wage worker of this country.

Pittsburg Republicans raised \$40,000 and sent it to Indiana to carry the state for Harrison. The money was entrusted to a pair of the faithful, but it now turns out that it "never got there." There is much quiet tribulation what to do about it, and the fellows who were to take it to Indiana seem to ask, Well, what are you going to do about it?

In LYONNING John G. Metzger was elected Judge by 41 majority over the Republican nominee. The latter has started a contest.

The commission appointed by the Governor to sit on the Judgeship contest, and which is composed of Judges Mayer of Clinton county, Bucher, of Union county, Rockaeller, of Northumberland county, arrived in Williamsport on 8 to hold their first meeting.

A SENSIBLE GRANGER.

Overseer M'Sparran, at the state grange, last week, read a very sensible paper upon subjects in which our farmer friends are interested. He spoke plainly upon the tariff question, and rebuked a grange organ for rejoicing that the tariff question was decided at the last election in favor of the monopolist idea, and that a railroad king had similarly rejoiced with this grange organ.

Mr. M'Sparran's paper contains some sound ideas upon the tariff which a trio of grangers, who tried to lead into the high tariff camp of monopolists last campaign, might study. This same trio of leading grangers after the adjournment of the former state grange, constituted themselves a committee to go to Washington and protest against the tariff reform movement then proposed. The leading blatherskite of this trio, Piollet, in last campaign stumped it in favor of high tariff taxes.

A nice way to help the farmer, indeed! working for a monopolist tariff to increase his burdens, and then sneak around them privately and tell them of the outrageous taxes they have to pay! And that's what the trio has been doing. M'Sparran is an honest granger, and his argument puts the office seeking and money making fellows of the order to shame.

Grangers, look a little round, else you'll be sold out, by petty demagogues who want to use your noble order for a selfish purpose. Do you see it?

We make the following extract from overseer M'Sparran's paper:

In the consideration of the tariff question, an issue in which we are vitally interested, from what standpoint do we as agriculturalists examine it? From the standpoint of a great business problem to be solved that all interests may be protected, and none oppressed, or to be all measured by party dictation and solved by this standard? But hold! I should speak of this question with bated breath. It is a forbidden subject. We read from the editorial of all extreme high protection organs that the question is settled. We read as follows from a grange paper: "A grave economic question has been determined once for all. There is no occasion for any further agitation of the subject. The issue of protection and anti-protection was fairly joined, squarely presented, fully argued by both sides, made plain to the people as discussion can ever make it, and the people have answered it at the polls. That settles it." We read from a speech of one of the great railroad magnates of the land delivered in New York recently that this subject has been settled. This statement of the railroad king is also endorsed by the same grange organ, in its zeal for the farmer, doubtless, and indeed as well by the blessed mill paper almost without exception throughout the land. Questionable company, one must admit, for an advocate of the oppressed farmer. But who and what am I that I dare take issue with such authority? A humble farmer's opinion against the mighty in the land! But I find I do not stand alone. Brother Draper, the acting master at the last session of the national grange gives us to understand that he does not consider it settled and says in his address: "A careful study and consideration of our present tariff laws show that the average duty of all interests combined is about 47 per cent, that the manufacturing interests alone are protected to the amount of 55 per cent, while the average on agricultural products is only 20 per cent. This inequality has existed a long time, and although our political instructors inform us that the home market which manufacturing industries gives to agriculture should atone in a great measure for the inequality, we are boldly confronted with the fact that the agricultural toilers even in manufacturing districts are having a hard struggle to acquire the necessities of life." No, it is not settled and never will be until the agriculturalist settles it and that will not happen until he studies it as a business problem, discarding any political aspect or advantage and is able to determine his line of action solely on the merits of the question, his own interests taken into account.

WARNING TO SUPERVISORS.

The four Supervisors of Georges township, Fayette county, were indicted Wednesday at the instance of James G. Hartman, of Fairchance, for maintaining a public nuisance and a source of danger in the shape of impassable roads. There was no difficulty in proving the horrible condition of the roads. The Supervisors claimed that as the township was divided into four road districts, the Supervisors of the district in which the action originated was solely to blame, but the Court decided they were each responsible for the condition of the whole township. They pleaded want of means to keep the roads in better condition. But as they are allowed to levy ten mills tax for road purposes while they only levied two mills, this did not relieve them. The jury found all four guilty as indicted.

The question as to whether or not cider is intoxicating will soon come before the Supreme Court in a case from Warren county in which the defendant sold cider and was arrested for selling intoxicating drinks without a license.

The only way the judges upon the supreme bench can decide so momentous a question fairly, is to drain a ten gallon jug of the cider themselves and wait for effects.

TALMAGE ON SCANDALS.

"What position then shall good men and women take in regard to attacks on character?" asked the speaker. "Shall we reject or accept them? Reject everything, is the reply, until it is proven. Always put a good construction on the actions of others. In the British Museum we see the remains of great monsters, the mastodon and megatherium, but there is a monster greater than any that ever existed, and it is lying. It is not limited to one place or one climate. Livingston found it in Africa, and Dr. Kane ran against falsehoods in the Arctic region. The monster of falsehood can swallow almost anything; there is only one thing it cannot swallow and that is the truth. It would have swallowed Washington, had he not killed it with his little hatchet. It never dies it can travel faster than an express train, and can smell imperfection a hundred miles away. It always finds more than there really is. A lie is gregarious and always flourishing best, where there is the biggest crowd. Its paradise however, is the country village where everybody knows everybody else's business. While the scandals of women are confined mostly to society those regarding men crop out most frequently in business.

The speaker said he knew of hundreds of business men who had been ruined by scandal. Creditors heard their business was shaky and all would swoop down on them at once. Though able to pay all if they had but time, they were forced under and their business went down with a crash. No character can stand the assault of scandal. The holiest man ever on earth had arrows of scandal aimed at him, because he would save the world. So if a man is truly there, some philanthropist should build one. That would be the only fit place for scandal mongers.

"How shall we stop this?" asked the speaker. "First by refusing to listen to anything said about our neighbor. The law says a man is innocent until proven guilty, and we should say the same. There is only one person worse than the tattler and that is the hearer. He is a receiver of stolen goods. But the tattler runs himself out, and after a while he is, as it has been printed on his coat, 'liar make room for the leper.'"

In the State Grange, last week, Overseer of the Grange, James M'Sparran read his annual report. He rebuked the farmers over the coals for voting against their own interests. He took them to task for being blinded by partisanship. He cited as an instance of his political bigotry the fact that Governor Pattison ought for anti-discrimination, yet the Democrat who aspired to succeed him on the same issue failed to receive the farmers support. He denounced the "home market" theory as a fraud and said the tariff question remains unsettled.

That's the right kind of talk, and Mr. M'Sparran is not a little demagogue who would prostitute the grange to office seeking purposes, or seek to lead into the high tariff tax camp, as two of its members did in last summer's campaign. Grangers want to keep their eyes open to the fellows who only try to use the order for the purpose of getting offices and will trade with any kind of political cattle—fortunately for the farmers they already see those in the grange who try to dupe and stuff them for a selfish purpose.

When a granger howls day and night against corporations and then has the ignorance or impudence, whenever it is, to ask that \$5,000 be appropriated out of the state taxes to the Cumberland valley railroad company's picnic ground, that's the kind of "grangers" that farmers want to watch—such sell you out.

The latest returns from Texas are as follows: Cleveland, 234,883; Harrison, 88,280; Fisk, 4,416; Streeter, 3,188; Cleveland's plurality, 146,603. In 1884, the vote of the State, as officially given, was, Cleveland, 223,670; Baine, 91,701; St. John, 3,508; Butler, 3,321; Belva Lockwood, 12; Cleveland's plurality, 131,978. It is probable not more than three-fourths of the vote of the State was polled, as only in a few congressional districts was there a contest that would bring out the vote. Texas is a big institution. It has a population now of about 2,250,000. In 1853, by the first census after its annexation, the population of the State was only 210,000. It would "cut up" into four States of the size of the proposed State of South Dakota with a population of more than half a million for each. But the people won't listen with any respect or patience to arguments their State should be divided. They prefer a big State, with a most formidable capacity for growth in population, wealth and political power, and their judgment is sound.

The Indianapolis Journal, General Harrison's home organ, prints revised tables of the vote for president in all the states. It makes Cleveland's plurality 107,493.

A BIG SALT TRUST.

The fact that an agent of the English salt trust is in this country for the purpose of making arrangements for uniting all the salt plants of the United States and Canada into one great trust fails to create general surprise.

It was expected that the result of the recent election would embolden monopolists and a ready representation of grasping syndicates are openly at work.

The agent of the English salt trust when told that some of the independent salt makers might refuse to join the syndicate said: "In that case we should endeavor to induce them to sell to us, and in the event of a refusal of our offer we would make it to their interest to sell."

In other words the independent manufacturers could not compete with the colossal syndicate and in a very short time they would be forced to discontinue business. Of course so long as the tariff was discriminatory in the interest of monopolists the great mass of people must suffer, and the manipulators of trusts, corners and combines have nothing to fear. Behind the bulwark of a high tariff the monopolist can "regulate production," and "fix prices." The people have no voice in the matter.

THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROW.

A meeting of representatives and senators from interior counties of the State has been called to take place at Harrisburg on the 20th. If these legislators make a fight against the monopolization of the principal clerkships by men from Allegheny and Philadelphia, it will be necessary to break the present state. Henry Hahn, the reading clerk of the house, and of Lucius Rogers, who holds a similar position in the senate, are in danger of being overthrown, according to a statement of one of Quay's lieutenants, who is now here. This same person is authority for the statement that the reorganization of the legislature is being made to take away the power of certain lobbyists who have made fortunes by the manipulation of men and measures during the past few years.

The stirring up of the old officeholders and the forthcoming indignation meeting of the several members, have created considerable talk in political circles and it is a general prediction that some interesting exposures will be the outcome of the various disagreements.

It appears that some of the railroad companies have been systematically violating the interstate commerce law. That is to say gentlemen of high standing have been playing the criminal for the sake of business advantage. The guilty should be exposed and punished. How can we expect the laws to be obeyed by humble citizens when the heads of corporations, men who owe all their prosperity to the protection given their property by those laws, act the criminal? It is strange that railroad managers cannot see that personal interest should lead them to cheerful obedience to law. For if they trample on the statutes of the nation, what right have they to expect protection when a mob, the creation of their own injustice and wrongdoing, threatens with destruction their property? The corporation that does not set an example of obedience to law is swirling the wind and may reap the whirlwind.

THE STATE FINANCES.

Auditor General McCamant has completed his report for the year ended November 30, 1888, and the revenues are considerably in excess of those expected at the close of the previous year. It was then feared that the effect of the high license law, giving four-fifths of the fees obtained from liquor licenses to the country, city and borough treasurers, would greatly cripple the Treasury. The close of the last fiscal year shows that the public exchequer is in excellent condition.

This gratifying result is largely due to the vigorous effort made in the Auditor General's Department to collect the taxes due the State. Owing to unfavorable judicial decisions the tax on gross receipts fell \$111,000 by close collections. In the matter of taverns, eating houses, wholesale liquor, brewers and bottlers' licenses, the State sustained a net loss of over \$60,000. Owing to the high license law the receipts from the tavern licenses decreased over \$242,000 and from eating house licenses nearly \$65,000, showing a loss of \$307,000 in these items.

The receipts from wholesale liquor licenses increased nearly \$501,000, from brewers' licenses \$57,000 and from bottlers' licenses nearly \$28,000, on account the increased tax on these subjects and because all of them go into the State Treasury. The showing of the Treasury would have been much better than it even is had the county of Allegheny been a day earlier in paying its license fees into the Treasury, amounting to over \$100,000. The Allegheny Valley Railroad Company might have netted \$212,500 if it had made the usual payment due from it in time to be incorporated in this year's report.

SOUTHERN IMMIGRATION.

The Southern people are awaking to the importance of immigration; not so much of the foreign variety as from the Northern States of farmers and skilled mechanics. Very little foreign immigration drifts Southward, except to Texas and Missouri. It may be said unskilled labor is not needed at the South as much as skilled, which will in time create a demand for the cruder forms. Last week the Southern Immigration Association, representing all the Southern States, held a convention at Montgomery, Ala., for the purpose of devising means of promoting the growth of the States south of the Potomac. The convention adopted a memorial to the legislatures of these States asking them to make ample appropriations for the encouragement of immigration, and to take other steps in the way of advancing its purpose. The legislature of Georgia, anticipating the action of the convention, has appropriated the sum of \$20,000 for the establishment of a State bureau of immigration, with the view of encouraging the immigration to that State of farmers, mechanics and laborers. The commissioner is to prepare a full exhibit of the resources and attractions of the Empire State of the South, to circulate pamphlets containing information on the subject, and to take other means of carrying out the object in view. The scheme promises to be advantageous to the interests of Georgia and to the development of its industries. The population of the state, which increases slowly, ought to be three times greater than it is at present. Like most of the other Southern States, and especially the cotton States, it has vast areas of uncultivated land that is highly fertile, and unlimited water power, if the rare opportunities for the establishment of factories that would surely be prosperous and profitable.

There is not in the wide world a more inviting field of labor for the industrious and intelligent farmer than the Southern States of our union. Whatever advantage lies in the fact of a population almost entirely native born they have. Georgia, in 1880, out of a population of 1,542,000, had only 10,564 of foreign birth while Allegheny county, with a total population of 354,869, had 88,666 of foreign birth. The States of Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, North Carolina and Georgia, with a total population in 1880 of about 6,950,000 had less than one half the foreign population of Allegheny county. North Carolina, with 1,400,000, had only 37,422 persons of foreign birth. Whatever personal or political peculiarities the Southern people may be credited with, the fact is apparent they are due to a very pure strain of native blood. The foreign vote is an unimportant factor at the South, but they have the colored brother in sufficient quantities.

DEATH OF JUDGE BOYLE.

The remains of Chief Justice Boyle, of Washington Territory, are now on their way to Uniontown, Pa., for burial, accompanied by Mrs. Boyle and her son. Mr. Boyle was appointed Chief Justice by President Cleveland only about two months ago, and he only left Uniontown about four weeks ago for Seattle.

We knew Judge Boyle well, and he was one of the warmest and most esteemed friends of the editor of the REPORTER. He was an able attorney and an upright man, one of God's noblest works.

Judge Boyle caught a cold when on his way to hold court at Mt. Vernon two weeks ago that doubtless led to his death. On the way he sat in the pilot house on the steamboat to view the scenery. At Mt. Vernon tonsillitis set in, but he was able, however, to finish the work of the term and returned to Seattle, the following Thursday. His indisposition was regarded as slight, but as a consequence necessitated confinement to his room. He soon got worse and died in the full possession of his faculties.

Mrs. Boyle and family have our deepest sympathy.

The near political fight will be for farmers' rights. The meeting of the state grange, in Harrisburg, last week, forebodes this, thru the paper read by M'Sparran, showing how high tariff taxes are robbing the agriculturist. The high tariff monkeys in the grange, Piollet & Co., who are trying to pull wool over farmers' eyes, and seeking to sell the grange out to the corporations and monopolists, for petty offices, must go.

Piollet was justly voted off the executive committee and two or three others pinned to his swallow tail coat, will also need to be brushed aside to prevent the honorable order of farmers from being a mere tool of little demagogues and high tariff conspirators. On this coming issue the Democrats will be found solid with the farmer.

Office seekers killed the first Harrison and have already nearly worried the life out of the second one.

We notice a great improvement, of late in the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, tho always an excellent daily.

QUAY WILL BE SUBPOENAED.

State Chairman Dills, of the republican state committee, of Indiana, and a number of chairmen of county committees and prominent republicans, were examined by the grand jury in the Dudley case. Senator Quay and Colonel Goodloe will be subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury on their arrival.

A stupendous storm seems to be brewing in the Republican party. It is Blaine and anti-Blaine.

Philadelphia is overstocked with bananas, and they were sold wholesale at from two to seven cts. per dozen, and somewhere even given away on steamers.

Come to see us whether you buy or not.—Germans.

See Zeller's drug store, Bellefonte. CALLERS—Sarah Arnold, of Centre Hall, called to see how newspapers are printed. Salesman Bibbyhouse called to see one of the finest specimens of mounted deer heads. W. H. Lucas, of Centre Hall, called and reports sausage crop abundant over there. Jeremiah Slavey, farmer, of Centre Hall.

A bright Swineford, of Middleburg one of the oldest residents of Snyder county is dead. He was 92 years old, and before his death requested that he be buried with the honors of war being a survivor of the war of 1812. The funeral will take place in the courthouse. Mr. Swineford's father was the founder of Middleburg, which originally was called Swinefordville.

The little town of Milbury, Mass., has become locally famous as the residence of Mrs. Anne De Groot, who has just given birth to four girl babies at a single confinement. All are living and range from five pounds to eight ounces in weight. The smallest may probably die. This mother is the wife of a poor mechanic. Sakes! woud there be a harvest of Christmas presents at the De Grootes.

Powers' shoe store is having a big rush for boots and shoes at this season, and as usual are well prepared to meet it. They have an immense stock of new goods which embraces everything in the line of foot wear. Lumbermen's gums boots, and all kinds of boots for teamsters, and workmen, at lower prices than ever. Ladies' and gents' dress shoes and in fact anything you want to see in the line of boots and shoes at lowest prices, at Powers' shoe store, Bellefonte.

The following may answer as a local hit: The Carbondale Leader says the custom of publishing a "card of thanks" for kindness shown to the family upon the death of a member of is no longer considered in good taste and for excellent reasons. Persons assisting in caring for sick or deceased neighbors are only doing what common humanity demands of them and their reward will come when they are obliged to accept like services. The same may be said in reference to the publication of Tributes of Respect from Sunday schools and societies, on the death of a member. It's all bosh.

MARRIED.

On the 22d ult., at the Lutheran parsonage, Aaronburg, by Rev. M. L. Deizler, M. O. Stover, and Mary E. Musser, both of Haines townships.

On the 13th ult., at Rebersburg, by Rev. J. Dotterer, Mr. John E. Miller and Miss Annie T. Small, both of Madisonburg.

At Centre Hall, Dec. 13th, by Rev. J. Horner Kerr, Simon Morrison and Emma Confer of Bellefonte.

On the 16th at the Reformed parsonage, Aaronburg, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Jonas Rishel of Spring Mills and Miss Cora E. Ad of Coburn.

On the 6th inst., at the home of the parents, Milheim, by Rev. W. H. Stover, Robert E. Harter and Hattie T. Weiser. On 13th by Rev. Deizler Mr. Frank Guistwite and Susan Hanes, both of near Woodbury.

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

"The nicest toys I ever saw" is what a judge of the articles said. A complete stock of

MECHANICAL TOYS.

of American manufacture, just received at the great Central Gun Works, Bellefonte, consisting in part of: Performing Bears, Creeping Dolls, Hippodrome Chariots, Electric Batteries, Swan Chariots, Mechanical Locomotives and Engines, Roaming Tortles, Alligators, Parrots, and a thousand and one things from 10 cents up to \$3.50. Also a great lot of German Toys of the latest patterns: SLIDERS, SKATES, etc. in great variety. A fine line of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CUTLERY, REVOLVERS, ETC.

All of which the public are respectfully invited to inspect.

1313 THEODORE DESCHNER, Bellefonte.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CENTRE CO., PA.—The annual meeting of the members and the election of 12 directors to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year, will be held at the home of D. J. Meyer, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January 14, 1889, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day. Members are generally requested to attend.

FRED KURTZ, President.

Centre Hall, Pa., Dec. 20, 1888.

BIG OFFER.

We make the following liberal offer, good only to January 10, 1889: Any one sending us the names of three subscribers and the cash, for 1 year gets the Reporter free as a premium for the same period. There is a premium worth trying for and easily earned.

Special bargains offered during holidays. All come and see—C. P. Long.

RIOTERS SHOT DOWN.

ATTACK ON THE JAIL AT BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

THE LYNCHERS REFUSED.—THREE MEN KILLED AND OTHERS MORALLY WOUNDED.—SEVERAL OF THE WOUNDED SINCE DEAD.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 9.—Birmingham is in mourning. A score or more of her citizens, some of them representative men, were shot down last night by the Sheriff and his posse, in defending a human being in the county jail. Sheriff Smith, well known for his temper, had placed a strong guard at the jail to prevent Dick Howes, supposed to have murdered his wife and child, from being lynched, and had placed in their charge a Gatling gun. About 12 o'clock a great mob around the county jail clamoring for Howes' life began slowly to press back the outer guard and advanced down Twenty-first street to the mouth of the alley leading to the jail entrance.

This alley is about 100 feet long and 20 wide, and is the only approach to the jail. When the crowd reached the mouth of the alley Sheriff Smith, from inside the jail door, warned them to stand back time and time again. He yelled to them to keep back, as they would be fired on if they advanced up the alley.

Finally he called out, "I will count three, and if a man remains there in the alley we will fire." He counted three and the crowd fell back a little, and the authorities did not give the order to fire. This seemed to make the mob bolder, and again they pressed up the alley.

Sheriff Smith now yelled to them: "I will count five, and if you don't fall back we will fire." He counted five, while the mob yelled, and continued to advance up the alley. Then the officers opened fire, which was at once returned by the mob. At least one thousand shots were fired, and then the mob fell back, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded men. Several dead were hurriedly carried away by their friends before being identified. The scene after the shooting down of the citizens, many of whom had gathered in the vicinity of the jail out of curiosity, was simply beyond description. Many of the best and most substantial residents who had retired to their homes, came out on hearing of the shooting, and at 2:15 o'clock fully 15,000 people had assembled on Second avenue. They said they were in favor of the law, but could not stand idly by and see the best young men of the town shot down like dogs in defence of a human being. Sheriff Smith said this morning: "We begged and pleaded with the crowd to keep back, and then they fired the first shots. Several shots were fired by the crowd before I gave the order to fire. We begged them to halt at the mouth of the alley, and still they kept coming on. We begged them to go back and time and again warned them we would shoot, but they would not listen to us. They came half way up the alley, close up to the jail door, and were shouting, 'Dynamite, blow up the jail with dynamite.' After all this, and after they opened fire, I gave the order to fire. They continued firing after we ceased. I feel that we could not have done anything else under the circumstances, and I deeply regret the necessity."

It is claimed by the crowd that the officers fired first and continued to shoot after the crowd began to disperse. During the entire affair the least excited man in the city, perhaps, was Dick Howes, the man the people wanted to lynch. When told that a mob was coming he coolly arose from his bunk, washed his face and dressed with the greatest deliberation. When the firing began he remained quietly seated, and when the trouble was over he lay down again.

The following is a full list of the killed and wounded:

M. B. Throckmorton, postmaster, was about 30 years of age. He leaves a wife and one child.

J. R. McCoy was toward the front of the crowd when the firing commenced. He fell at the first volley.

A. B. Tarrant was shot in the back. After the first volley he lay down on the ground with the hope of avoiding the flying bullets. Fate would not have it so, however, and a ball struck him as he lay on his face and ranged up the back. After a few minutes suffering the young man died.

A. D. Bryant was shot through the heart. He was standing rather near the front, and was doing his best to restrain the crowd from going any nearer. He fell at the first volley and died instantly.

C. C. Tate was shot through the hip, thigh and loins. He is dying. He is about 45 years old and had a family.

Colbert Smith (colored), shot through the right lung, died this morning.

Lawrence Fitzhugh, a civil engineer, badly wounded. He was shot through the shoulder. He is about 30 years old.

Charles Bailey was shot through the head it is thought fatally.

A. J. Schiele, a mechanic, was shot in the left side, just under the shoulder. It is thought he will die.

Charles Jenkins was shot in the back of the head, the ball coming out in the centre of his forehead. He lingered until 10 o'clock this morning, when he died.

Braden, at the hospital, wounded in the thigh and abdomen, died about 10 o'clock this morning.

J. W. Montgomery received a slight wound in the left jaw.

right leg being badly shattered, the left a flesh wound. He is also shot in the left arm, just below the elbow, and the bone is broken. He is about 50 years of age and has a wife and seven children.

J. W. Owen is at the hospital, shot entirely through the right thigh. He is about 50 years of age.

J. W. Gilmore, it is thought, is fatally wounded through the bowels. He is 46 years of age and has a wife and five children living at Green Springs, Frank Childer is dead.

Albert Smith (colored) was shot in the back and seriously wounded.

Mr. William Youngblood, Mr. Alexander and Ed. S. Cooper, reported as killed or wounded, are not hurt.

W. A. Bird was shot in the right shoulder, the ball passing entirely through him and coming out near the spinal cord. Mr. Bird is 30 years old and unmarried.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 9.—Sheriff Smith has been arrested on a charge of murder.

The military were called upon to arrest Smith and others implicated, but this was refused, and, finally, about five o'clock a citizen went before a justice of the peace and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Smith and his deputies on the charge of murder. This was served by the Coroner, who found Smith in jail, and the Coroner himself took charge of the jail, and in his custody that institution is at present.

During the day Captain Peyton Bibb, who is in charge of the Montgomery Blues, advised that the military take Smith and Howes out of jail and carry them to Montgomery, away from the scene of riot and for safe keeping. This was not acceded to by the officers in charge, there being no civil steps to that end advised.

During the afternoon the rumor became widespread that 500 miners from Pratt Mines, about five miles from Birmingham, would after dark, march to the city armed with guns, pistols and dynamite cartridges, and with the increase of the ranks that was expected, assault the soldiers and with dynamite blow to atoms the jail. That such will be attempted is expected even by the military, though a successful finale is not anticipated.

There are already ten military companies under command of Col. Jones and five others will arrive on special trains by mid-night, the Montgomery Blues, the True Blues, the Montgomery Mounted Rifles, under command of Hon. A. A. Wiley, an artillery company in charge of Gatling gun from the Capitol city. Besides these come companies from Tuscaloosa, Opelika, Greenville, Anniston and other Alabama cities.

One precaution against undue excitement and consequent violence was taken this morning by the City Council, who in special session, ordered that all saloons and drug stores be closed until further notice.

There was no outward evidence of trouble in Birmingham, Alabama, on the 10th, except that all the saloons were closed by order of the military commander, and the fact that troops and cannons guarded the approaches to the jail. There is still much feeling, but nobody believes that, after the terrible lesson of Saturday night, the mob will again attack the jail. As a result of the riot 10 men are known to be dead. A large number of persons were wounded, 11 severely, but it is thought all will recover. Sheriff Smith is in jail on the charge of murder, and Chief of Police Picard, who was also arrested, was released in \$10,000 bail on the morning of the 10th. Governor Sney has been requested by Birmingham, officials to visit the city and make an investigation, and he will probably do so. The military are likely to be kept on duty around the jail for some time.

Manual Training in New York.

If the question of manual training in the city schools be involved in the selection of the six Commissioners of Education to be appointed this month, (December) it is to be hoped that the active friends of this much needed reform will be given a fair representation in the Board.

That there is a prejudice against this innovation among the directors and workers of the old system should not be permitted to deprive the children and the community of the benefits of manual training. The good results effected in the small experiments already made are enough to warrant—nay, to demand—an extension of the system.

Practical instruction in the use of the hand, the eye and the judgment of the pupil should be an integral part of every educational scheme for children. It "puts the whole boy and the whole girl to school," instead of that part of them represented by the purely intellectual faculties. The primary schools should teach something that is practically useful, in addition to facts and formulas.

Professor Boller submitted to the Congress of German Scientists, held at Cologne in September, the following formula for an antiseptic fluid which he claims is free from the dangerous poisonous properties of those now in common use: Corrosive sublimate, 1 grain; common salt, 5 grains; carbolic acid, 40 grains; chloride of zinc, 100 grains; sulpho-carbonate of zinc, 100 grains; boric acid, 60 grains; salicylic acid, 12 grains; thymol, 2 grains; eucalyptol, 2 grains; water, 3½ pints. This mixture is what the author calls the "strong solution."

A second or weak solution is made by leaving out the sublimate and carbolic acid. The solution is limpid and transparent, and does not attack steel instruments placed in it.

A horse can scarcely lift two-thirds of its own weight, while one small species of June beetle can lift sixty-six times its weight. Forty thousand such June beetles could lift as much as a draught horse. Were our strength in proportion to this we could play with weights equal to ten times the weight of a horse.

The tendency of fashion in feminine attire is to the plastic, classic style.

DYNAMITERS AT WORK.

AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY A DISTILLERY AT CHICAGO.

ONE BUILDING PARTIALLY SHATTERED.—A MEMBER OF THE FIRM SAYS IT IS THE WORK OF THE WHISKY TRUST.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—Shortly after 6 o'clock this morning an attempt was made to destroy Shufeldt & Co's, distillery in the northern portion of the city by means of dynamite. At the hour mentioned the neighborhood was shaken by a tremendous explosion, breaking many panes of glass in the surrounding houses and causing the people to rush into the street in great alarm. Investigation showed that a bomb had been thrown, probably from the street, into a detached warehouse used for storing high wines in. This building was shattered so the hoops were burst off many of the casks and the heads were driven in. Very soon afterwards a package, wrapped in paper, was discovered lying in the street. It contained several sticks of dynamite and six fulminating caps. A fuse connected with the package showed evidence of having been lighted but had gone out prematurely. These articles are now in the possession of the police, who are at work on the case.

A jagged hole, about three feet square, was torn in the roof, and in various other ways the structure was damaged. Examination revealed the fact that some person, evidently standing on the high sidewalk on Hawthorn street, had thrown upon the low roof of the building a package of dynamite sticks, tied together and attached to a fuse which had been ignited. These sticks consist of compressed dynamite, wrapped in pasteboard, and provided with fulminating caps. The combination had exploded, and it was only owing to a peculiar chance that the entire structure, as well as the surrounding buildings were not instantly leveled.

The aim of the man or men who committed the deed was evidently to hit the skylight on the roof, and the mark was made by but a few feet. Underneath the skylight are eight large tubs or vats of highly inflammable liquor. Had the dynamite sticks exploded on the skylight the liquor would have been instantly ignited, and a terrific explosion would have resulted—an explosion, Captain Shufeldt thinks, of sufficient violence to have torn down a score of buildings. As it was the damage was comparatively small. A lot of barrels of wines underneath the spot where the explosion occurred had their hoops torn off, but none of the contents were spilled.

Fortunately no one was in the building at the time, and no loss of life or limb was caused.

James D. Lynch, one of the proprietors of the distillery, says he believes it to be the work of the whisky trust. "We are not in the trust," he said, "and that organization has on numerous occasions threatened to do us up." To show you the desperate character of the deed, let me call your attention to the fact that there were 15,000 barrels of whisky stored under the roof that was torn open, and if these had been ignited a terrible fire would have been added to the horrors of the explosion. One of the representatives of the trust was here shortly after the explosion, but the feeling among the men against his organization was so great that he had to skip out for fear of being violently dealt with.

"There is no doubt in the world that it is the work of the trust," said Mr. Lynch. "They have been threatening us with vengeance for some time past, and the other day we received word to look out for damage. We supposed they meant to cut prices, and we told them to 'damme away.' I never thought they would be guilty of such an act as this."

Mr. J. D. Lynch, Manager of the Shufeldt distillery, offers a reward of \$25,000 to the person who threw the dynamite on the distillery building, or the name of the man who employed him to do the work, or such information as will lead to the detection and arrest of the parties responsible for the outrage. The members of the Whisky Trust ridicule the idea that the attempt to destroy the property was the work, directly or indirectly, of their organization.

WHITE CAPS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—A White Cap organization has been discovered in Lawrence county. It has a written constitution and by-laws. Its principal object is said to be to deal with offenders against morality who would otherwise go unpunished. Several persons in Newcasle have been warned, one of them, named Sloan, for taking a strange woman into his house. Such offenders are threatened with severe punishment unless they repent their ways immediately. The discovery caused considerable excitement throughout the county.

ARREST OF COUNTERFEITERS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—Three Italians, members of a dangerous gang of counterfeiters who have been operating in this vicinity, were arrested at Sturtevantville, this county, to-day by Deputy U. S. Marshal Baring, of Wilkesbarre, and taken to Scranton for trial. The spurious coin consists of cleverly imitated dollars and quarters, and has caused much trouble to business men, as it is almost impossible to detect it.

In the House on the 11th, the Direct Tax bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. After a long debate, without action, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

The new tube mill of the Reading Iron Works, in Reading, Pa., was shut down on the evening of the 8th for an indefinite period. The shut down is said to be caused by dullness in trade and a desire of the management to curtail expenses. The firm's other tube mill is running full handed.

DESTRUCTION OF A MILL.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF MEAL DUST IN CHICAGO.—SEVERAL LIVES LOST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 11.—Three men are known to have been killed, one fatally injured, and a number of people badly bruised and shaken up early this morning by an explosion of meal dust, which completely wrecked the three-story brick building on North Halstead street, occupied by David Oliver as an oatmeal mill. Several adjoining buildings were also badly shattered. The explosion, which occurred shortly after 3 o'clock, was a terrific one, the shock being felt a mile away. The buildings in the immediate vicinity were bombarded with flying bricks and timbers, and nearly every pane of window-glass within a radius of six blocks was smashed. Almost before the rumble of the explosion died away flames sprang up from the wrecked mill and the whole place was ablaze in a few minutes. The fire spread with incredible rapidity, and when the first fire companies reached the scene they found a block of roaring flames to contend with. General alarm was at once turned in. Engines were stationed at every available point around the blazing patch, and other credits that did not take fire at the outset were saved after the hardest kind of work. Sparks that were carried through the air by the wind ignited buildings two blocks away, and for half an hour the firemen had all they could do to prevent half a dozen serious conflagrations.

Hundreds of men searched anxiously for the missing millers, and after some time one of them, John Holmes, was found lying in an alley across the street from the mill, terribly lacerated and lacerated. He was working in the second story of the mill when the explosion occurred, and was hurled through a window across the street. He cannot live.

No trace could be found of the other three men, Charles Miller, Charles Cooper and John Smith, and it is believed that their bodies are buried in the debris.

Persons who were asleep in the building adjacent to the wrecked mill were thrown clear out of their beds by the force of the explosion, and most of them were more or less injured during the terrific bombardment of bricks and other debris.

In the opinion of Chief Swenke, of the Fire Department, the explosion of mill dust in Oliver's oatmeal mill this morning was the most remarkable and destructive one ever known in the Northwest.

It completely demolished a large brick mill building and destroyed several two-story frame buildings adjoining. Only four men were in the mill. James Holmes was blown through a window picked up and taken to the hospital where he is slowly recovering.

The other three men, Charles Miller, the engineer; John Christensen, the men employed in the cupola, and Ernest Casper, the kiln man, were buried deep beneath the ruins. After long digging the charred and almost unrecognizable bodies of the engineer and kiln man were uncovered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

While a passenger car on the Dudley branch of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad, Pennsylvania, was stopping at Coalight Station, on the mountain side, on the morning of the 10th, an engine and two loaded coal cars dashed into the rear, throwing the occupants against the windows and on the floor. Ten or twelve persons were severely injured, among them, Allen Black, John Dougherty, John Hollinger, E. F. Gould, Miss Lizzie Laster and Mary Laster, of Dudley all of whom received internal injuries and painful cuts from broken glass. Probably all in the car would have been killed but for the presence of man of John Shentles, a passenger. Foreseeing the danger, he loosened the brake of the passenger car, and the slight start it obtained lessened the force of the collision. A despatch from Albuquerque, New Mexico, says that a wreck occurred on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad on the 8th, at a point called Brockton, in Johnson's Canon, the wildest place on the whole line.

The engine jumped the track when near the head of the canon, approaching the tunnel, and the engine, tender, mail, baggage, express, and one emigrant or rolled down the steep, rocky side of the mountain, a distance of 150 feet, and were piled up in a confused mass at the bottom. Most of the other coaches were pulled off the track, but did not go down the hill. Mail Agent H. B. Dolts, Baggage Man Charles Bodemer, and the engineer and fireman, with a considerable number of passengers, are badly injured, but no one was killed.

The White Caps in Waco, Texas, flogged George Armstrong on the 9th for leaving his wife destitute and sick and publicly living with another woman. A notice was pinned to a tree where the flogging took place informing all citizens that the perpetrators were law-abiding, but were determined to mete out punishment to the guilty when the statutes failed.

Benjamin D. Keck, a note clerk in the Second National Bank in Allentown, Penn., is short \$4000 in his accounts. The bank is secured by his bondsman. Keck is said to be a man of good habits, and declares that he is unjustly accused of wrong doing.

August Nebsted, Treasurer of the Creamery Association in Rudd, Iowa, has disappeared with \$1800 of the association money, of which he is Treasurer, is short \$1000. He was also postmaster of the village, and several registered letters are missing. Francis Alvany, alias Harry Joe, has been identified by William D. Bensemer, of Baltimore, as the person who swindled him out of \$300 by the bunco game. Sarah T. Howe who is said to have swindled a number of people, was arrested in Boston on the 8th, upon complaint of having swindled four women, in 1886, to the amount of \$2000. One of her schemes was the "Woman's Bank."

The First National Bank of Linden, Michigan, has been authorized to begin business with \$100,000 capital.

Hugh Harper, a desperado, well known throughout western Kansas, entered the store of Mr. Turner in Harold, on the 9th, and presented a bill, asking for change. When Mr. Turner opened his cash drawer Harper covered him with a revolver and made him hand over what money he had, amounting to \$95. Harper then fled, but was pursued by the sheriff and a posse. Harper fired and wounded one of the officers, and was then shot in the leg by the sheriff.

Miss Millie Ross, an elderly lady living alone in Smithfield, near Uniontown, Penna., was visited by three masked robbers on the evening of the 10th. They burned her feet, hands and face with candles and beat and bruised her until she gave up all the money she had in the house—less than five dollars.

M. M. Knoll, a clothier in Wilkesbarre, Pa., who failed some days ago, and whose stock was disposed of by the Sheriff, has been arrested at the instance of F. A. Harris, a member of the firm of Harris Brothers, cloth jobbers in Philadelphia, on the charge of fraud in unlawfully disposing of his goods and giving a judgment note to S. F. Knoll, a relative, without a return consideration, and with intent to deceive the above firm and other creditors. Knoll waived a hearing and gave bail for trial. L. W. Buskey, a bookkeeper in the Norfolk National Bank, in Norfolk, Virginia, was arrested on the 10th on a charge of stealing sums aggregating \$3300 at various times.

The schooner Cis Church, from Cape Charles for Norfolk Light, was lost in the storm of the 10th. Captain Frank Enoch, mate Harris and one of her crew were drowned. The vessel was owned in New London. The heaviest storm of the season at Halifax, Nova Scotia, raged there during the night of the 11th. Much damage was done to electric light and telegraph wires, and small craft were driven from their moorings in the harbor. A sailboat, which left Sambro on the afternoon of the 10th, with three men and a woman, is believed to be lost.

A heavy storm raged at Asbury Park, New Jersey, on the 11th, and the crews of the Life Saving Station patrolled the beach in squads. A large quantity of coconuts came ashore, and it is thought they came from a wrecked vessel. There was a gale from the northwest at Atlantic City, New Jersey, on the 11th, and at high tide the waves dashed in with almost as much fury as during the recent storm. They washed far over the ruins, and it was feared that more damage would be done. The high tide on the afternoon of the 11th, tore out a number of cottage bulkheads at Monmouth Beach, which were partly destroyed by the severe storm of three weeks ago. A despatch from Cohasset, Massachusetts, says a storm set in there on the morning of the 11th, and increased in violence until night, when it promised to exceed in severity that of three weeks ago. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. The sea was very rough all along the shore, and it is feared that much damage will result.

Malignant diphtheria is reported to be raging along the line of Berks and Lancaster counties, in this State, where the counties join. In some families two and three children have died, and even adults are afflicted with the disease. "It is estimated that within a short time 20 persons have died within a short distance of each other."

At Beantown the schools have been closed until the abatement of the disease.

An attempt was made on the afternoon of the 13th to rob the People's Savings Bank in Denver, Colorado, while part of its force were absent at lunch. A stranger entered and engaged the cashier in conversation. His "pal" sneaked in the back door, and entered the vault, but before he secured any money, Mr. Stannard, the teller, noticed him, and, rushing to the vault, covered the thief with a revolver, ordering him to hold up his hands, which he did until the patrol arrived and took him to jail. The first thief escaped. The one captured wore a pair of boots made of felt. He refused to give his name. They were stopping at a leading hotel and elegantly dressed.

Henry Landseldt, a steel worker in Allegheny City, Pa., committed suicide on the 13th, after attempting to kill his wife, whom he slightly wounded in the temple. It is said that Landseldt was prominently identified with the Anarchists in that section, and had been married seven times, all of his wives being alive. There is an air of mystery surrounding the case, and the police are not satisfied with the woman's story. Two strangers from Arizona entered the San Bernardino National Bank, in San Bernardino, California, on the 13th, and one of them presented a check and asked that it be cashed. E. H. Morse, the cashier, told him he would have to be identified. A quarrel followed and both drew revolvers and began to shoot. Cashier Morse was fatally wounded and died in a short time. The man who did the shooting gives the name of John Oakes, but refuses to talk. He was shot in the arm, ear and back, but is not dangerously wounded. It is believed the men entered the bank with the design of robbery.

The boiler of the cotton gin on G. W. Turner's place, near Montgomery, Alabama, exploded on the morning of the 13th, killing George Turner and two negroes outright and wounding seven others. A passenger and freight train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad collided at Wabasha, Minnesota, on the morning of the 13th. Brakesman Brooks was killed and Conductor Mead fatally injured. The freight was running on the passenger train's time.

There is nothing so cheap or convenient for a freezing-mixture as pulverized ice or salt. In chemical laboratories other materials are used for experimental refrigeration. They are too expensive for general use. The following are some of these combinations—Sal ammoniac, five parts; nitre, five parts; water, ten parts; nitrate of ammonia, one part; water, one part. Sulphate of soda, five parts, diluted sulphuric acid, four parts.

50th CONGRESS.—Second Session.

SENATE.

In the United States Senate on the 10th, a communication was received from the Secretary of the Interior, in reply to a recent resolution requiring information as to the alleged outrages and restraints of liberty practised against Indian women in Alaska. The Secretary says that the Department has no information on the subject except "newspaper reports of uncertain value."

Mr. Edwards, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a resolution, which was agreed to, asking the Attorney General for information as to the execution of the act of March 3d, 1887, declaring the forfeiture of the property of the Mormon Church, and the manner in which the proceeds have been disposed of. The consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed. Various amendments reducing the rates on manufactures of iron and steel were offered and rejected. Pending further action the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 11th, Mr. Frye's resolution, offered on the 10th, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the state of affairs in the Samoan Islands, was reported back and agreed to. The Tariff bill was taken up, and, after debate, an amendment offered by Mr. Harris, reducing the duty on steel beams from 1-10 cents to 6-10 of a cent per pound, was rejected. The rate was then, on motion of Mr. Vest, fixed at one cent per pound, this amendment being agreed to without a division. An amendment to reduce the rate on trace chains from three to two cents a pound was rejected; but, at Mr. Allison's suggestion, the item was passed over without definite action. Pending action on an amendment offered by Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, making cotton ties free of duty, the Senate went into executive session, and, when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 12th the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed, and the amendment offered by Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, making cotton ties free of duty, was, after a long debate, rejected—yeas 18, nays 23, a party vote. Mr. Coke moved an amendment reducing the duty on cotton ties to 35 per cent. ad valorem. Pending action the Senate adjourned. During the proceedings the Union Pacific Funding bill came up as the special order, and was laid over, retaining its rights as a special order. Mr. Riddleberger gave notice that he would move, every morning, to take up his resolution for the consideration of the British extradition treaty in open session.

In the United States Senate on the 13th, the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed, and Mr. Riddleberger, of Virginia, who appeared in his seat for the second time during the session, made an unseemly exhibition of himself, until he was finally compelled to retire. The Tariff bill was proceeded with, and Mr. Coke's amendment, offered on the 12th, fixing the duty on cotton ties at 35 per cent. ad valorem, was rejected by a party vote. Several other amendments to the metals schedule were rejected, and the bill was then laid aside, about four pages of it having been disposed of during the week. Mr. Riddleberger offered a resolution which, went over, providing for the election of new election officers of the Senate on the first day of the session after January 1st. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 10th, various bills and resolutions were introduced, under the call of States, and referred. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, offered a resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the use of money in Presidential and Congressional elections in recent years, and to report at any time by bill or otherwise. He asked its immediate consideration, but the regular order was demanded by Messrs. Wilkins, of Ohio, and Weaver, of Iowa. The resolution was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The District of Columbia and Pension Appropriation bills were passed and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 12th, the River and Harbor bill was reported and referred to the Committee of the Whole. The Senate amendments to the Agricultural Department bill were sent to a conference committee. Mr. O'Neal, of Indiana, from the Elections Committee, presented a report in the California contested case of Sullivan vs. Felton, finding in favor of Sullivan. The report, with the views of the minority in support of Felton, was placed on the calendar. The Dist Tax bill was taken up and passed—yeas 178, nays 96. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 13th, the bill for the retirement of John C. Fremont as a Major General was reported and placed on the calendar. The bill to amend the National Militia act was considered. The Oklahoma bill was discussed, pending which the House adjourned.

THE MARKETS.

adjourned.			
THE MARKETS			
PROVISIONS—			
Beef city fam bl.	30 50	2 10	00
Hams	34	21 50	00
Port Mena	17 00	00	00
Prime Mena, B.W.	16 00	00	00
Sides smoked	00	10 00	00
Shoulders smoked	00	9 00	00
Do in salt	00	9 00	00
Smoked Beef	11	12	00
Lard Western bl.	11	00	00
Lard local	11	50	00
FLOUR—			
West, and Pa. sup.	3 00	2 15	00
Pa. Family	4 25	00	00
Minnesota	4 00	5 00	00
Pa. Wh. Wt.	5 25	00	00
Eye Straw	00	2 00	00
GRAIN—			
Wheat No. 1 red	1 15	00	00
Do. No. 2	00	00	00
Do. No. 3	00	00	00
Do. No. 4	00	00	00
Do. No. 5	00	00	00
Do. No. 6	00	00	00
Do. No. 7	00	00	00
Do. No. 8	00	00	00
Do. No. 9	00	00	00
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Do. No. 11	00	00	00
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Do. No. 97	00	00	00
Do. No. 98	00	00	00
Do. No. 99	00	00	00
Do. No. 100	00	00	00
FIRST—			
Mackerel, Large ls.	33	00	00
Do, Small	34	00	00
Herring, Lab.	6 00	00	00
SUGAR—			
Ported	7 50	00	00
Crannated	7 50	00	00
Confed, A.	00	00	00
HAY AND STRAW—			
Timothy, choice	16	00	00
Mixed	16 50	00	00
Do, extra	17 00	00	00
Eye Straw, new	17 50	00	00
Wheat Straw	00	00	00
WOOD—			
Chio, Penna. and W. Va. Pines	XX	00	00
and above	34	00	00

Ruth's Birthday.

My little girl is eight to-day—
That is, she's just four;
Or four times two, perhaps you'll say,
And may be that a better way
To make my love seem more.

For when my pretty Ruth was two—
When she was just half four—
It seemed as if the love I knew
Had grown—or, as she'd say, "had grow"
"Till it could grow no more.

She was a little midget then,
When she was only two,
And used to say "Dear Lord, amen;
Bless Papa, Maamma, 'n' me again;
'T was all the prayer she knew.

And now she's four times two dear me,
And writes a big round hand;
And when they're passed a cup of tea
She makes her dolls exclaim "Merci!"
Which French dolls understand.

When eight? or two? I scarcely know
Which birthday I would choose.
At eight I'd have, keeping her so,
Four times as much to love—but oh!
Four times as much to lose.

At what age did she seem most dear?
Ah, well, to tell the truth,
A different blossom bloomed each year;
They all seemed sweet; but this one here,
You know, is really Ruth.

HAVING HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

"I think you are the worst ingrate I ever knew, Vandergrift," was the parting observation of a gentleman who was leaving his friend at the street corner, one soft May morning.

"I don't know how you make that out," Vandergrift responded, throwing away a half-smoked cigar.

Horace Vandergrift tired of everything before it was half done.

"Well," said his friend, briskly, "you have the world at your feet, and now you want the moon. For heaven's sake, find something to do. If you only had an object in life, you would not always be so bored—something or somebody to spend your money on. Why the deuce don't you get married?"

"Ah," said Vandergrift, with a disdainful shrug, "now that you have reached that subject, I may as well be going."

With a nonchalant air, he nodded to his friend and walked away, saying to himself: "They all want to slip that noose about my neck. I wonder why they can't let a fellow alone?"

He was a handsome man—tall, shapely, and possessing that air of elegance which is a rarer and even more enviable gift than mere physical beauty.

"Fortune, signore?" said a sweet voice at his elbow. "Only five cents."

Vandergrift turned, and saw the little girl of twelve, budding into the early womanhood of Southern countries. Her large eyes were raised with a soft pleading expression, and the glossy strands of dark hair wound about her small head gave her the look of a child-Madonna.

"You tell fortunes, then?" said Vandergrift, his hand stealing mechanically into his pocket.

"If No," she replied, with a smile which showed a row of beautiful white teeth. "It is the birds, signore."

Then Vandergrift perceived, just outside the curbstone, a church-looking man, with a bit of twisted rattan in one hand, standing beside a little canvas table that supported a bird cage. On the top of this cage was arranged a long perch, on which were crowded a number of chubby parakeets, pluming their feathers in the bright sunshine. Below was a long box or tray filled with differently colored slips of paper folded to a small size, and a little ladder reached from the perch down to the tray.

"Five cents, signore," the girl continued, "and the birds will tell your fortune."

Vandergrift paid the money. The sullen Italian with the rattan gave a peculiar chuck, and one of the parakeets hopped off the perch on to the stick. He lifted it down, and the little creature walked demurely along the tray and pulled out a slip of green paper with its bill.

"That is it," said the girl, nodding pleasantly, while the man let the parakeet climb up the ladder to its perch again. "Please read, signore."

Vandergrift opened the paper, and, to his astonishment, read:

"PLANET OF THE FORTUNE OF A DISCONTENTED BACHELOR.—Be not impatient or dissatisfied because your lot is not what you would have it; your joys all lie in the future. Be contented and you will find more pleasure in life than you hope for. But you must marry. Your happiness depends on it, though you need not concern yourself as to how that is to come about, for it was all arranged for you before you were born. Your star is a lucky one; riches and honor will follow you to the grave. But you have a bad temper, and ought to control it. If sickness overtake you, fear not; you will live till you are eighty-two years of age."

"I hope it is pleasant, signore," the girl said, softly, in his ear.

"Very!" replied Vandergrift, laconically. "I believe—But behave! Who trained those birds—your father?"

He nodded toward the sullen old man, as he spoke, and the girl's face suddenly assumed a look of disdain.

"He is not my father," she said, quickly, with a fine scorn which did not escape Vandergrift's ears. "It was he who trained them, though."

"They are very amusing," he said, watching the parakeets, that screamed frantically if he attempted to touch them. "How much they know! Could you show them to a little friend of mine? He lives up—well, never mind where he lives. Could you come to my house—to-morrow, and bring the birds? My little friend will be there."

The girl turned in an uncertain way to the bird-trainer, who answered her curtly in Italian.

"He says it will be a dollar, signore," she said, doubtfully.

"Very well," Vandergrift replied. "You may come. There is my address," he continued, handing her a card. "Don't disappoint me."

He lingered a moment to watch the birds, then nodded to the little girl, and was gone. Marietta looked after him wistfully till a smart slap on the shoulder made her start back.

"You are losing customers," the bird-trainer growled. "Attend to your business."

It was dreary work for her, standing

there all day long, uttering her monotonous appeal. She was tired, and she hated it. Pietro was not kind to her, and she was very lonely.

"Ah!" she sighed, in her inmost heart. "I am glad Beppo was never found! I felt very wretched when I lost him that day in the street, and thought I should never see him again; but perhaps some kind lady took him in, or the dear God Himself! Pietro would have beaten him—it is better so."

They went home early, for it proved a dull day, and the bird-trainer was not pleased with the result. He was cross, and Marietta trembled when he spoke.

"Where did you put that gentleman's address?" he asked, suddenly, his rough voice making even the soft Italian syllables sound harsh. Marietta felt in the bosom of her dress—the card was gone!

"I have lost it!" she explained, in abject terror. "Oh, Pietro, I did not mean to. Pietro, oh, dear Pietro, please don't beat me!"

He answered her with an oath, and, seizing her rudely by the arm, put his rattle to the basest use he could upon her frail body, growling out curses on the child who wished to rob him of the chance to obtain a dollar without working.

"Poor Marietta! She slunk away to her wretched pallet that night sore and tearful. Pietro drank himself into insensibility and when morning dawned, it was a comfort to find him snoring stupidly. She stole away without her breakfast to search for the card, as he had bidden her, on the pain of another beating.

There could hardly have been a more fruitless quest than hunting for a gentleman's visiting-card in the streets of a great city. Marietta could not find it, yet she dared not go home. She lingered about the spot where she had met Vandergrift on the previous morning till the day wore on and night approached. She had not had a mouthful to eat, and she began to cry softly to herself, when it suddenly occurred to her that she might earn a few pennies to buy bread and a night's lodging. She could sing.

Presently, a sweet tremulous voice drifted faintly over the bustle and noise of the street, as Marietta tried the effect of a little Italian song. It was a lullaby she used to sing to Beppo when he was a baby, long before their dear parents died of cholera and left them alone in Milan. Pietro had brought them over to America, promising to care for them like his own children—and to think how he had treated them!"

Marietta sang on, with one slender hand extended. No pennies had been dropped in it yet; but suddenly there was a parting in the crowd, and a gentleman, with a handsome boy of six or seven, dressed in black velvet, paused near her.

"There!" cried the boy, excitedly, "Uncle Horace, there!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Vandergrift, looking at Marietta in surprise. "Aren't you the little girl who was here yesterday with the birds? Why didn't you come this morning? Raffaello was very much disappointed."

"Oh, sir!" cried Marietta, eagerly, "I lost your card—and we couldn't. Pietro was so angry—he beat me, and—"

She paused suddenly, her eyes fixed upon the child whom Mr. Vandergrift held by the hand.

"Beppo!" she cried, throwing her arms about the boy. "Beppo, don't you know your Marietta?"

"Yes, yes!" the little fellow answered. "I knew you when you sang 'Dorme Dorme' Uncle Horace, it is my sister."

"Oh, Beppo," she continued, hugging him ecstatically. "I hunted for you everywhere. Why did you run away from me, that day of the parade?" Vandergrift stood by amazed. He had adopted the little Italian vagrant he had found crying in the streets, a year ago. What would she say to a sister of the founding? He did not know; but he questioned the children, and made up his mind that Marietta should spend that night at least beneath Mrs. Alexander's roof.

Vandergrift's sister was a childless widow of middle age, yet tender and maternal by real instinct. She took Marietta in without demur.

"It would be a shame to separate them, Horace," she said, some time afterward, when Pietro had been hunted up, and so terrified by the threatened consequence of his ill treatment of the children that he ran away, no one knew where.

"I thought that would be the end," said Vandergrift, with an amused smile; "you want to keep them both, Martha. Well, I am willing. I am off for China, this summer, you know; and I shall very probably be gone four or five years. You can open an orphan asylum, if you like."

So Marietta found a home with her brother—a happy, luxurious home, where the name of Horace Vandergrift was often spoken; but the years slipped away one by one, and he was still a wanderer in foreign lands.

Perhaps he might have ended his days in the Far East, if a sad calamity had not turned his face homeward; a cable-telegram reached him at Cabel, and he learned that his sister—Mrs. Alexander—was very ill.

He hurried home; but she had been buried already two weeks, and he met only a tall, beautiful girl, who greeted him half doubtfully as "Uncle Horace," and a fine strikingly handsome boy, whom everybody knew as "Raffaello Alexander."

It was natural that Vandergrift should at once domesticate himself in his sister's house. After all it was pleasant to have a home—especially one like this, where everything moved so easily. Vandergrift wondered how it was that matters were so well managed.

Six months slipped by unheeded—when one day Marietta came to him, and, after a little hesitation, said: "I—I don't think I ought to stay here any longer, Uncle Horace."

"Not stay here, child?"

"Everybody says it isn't proper. You know, I am not your own niece, and—I can't explain—you must understand."

She paused. Horace Vandergrift

was silent; and he took her slim little hand and marked how it trembled.

"Marietta," he said; half dreamily, "if you were only in love with me now, we could end our little story like a romance."

"He looked up and saw a sudden flush of color in her face.

"Do you think, dear," he added, softly, "that, if you tried to love me, you could ever be happy as my wife?"

She moved quickly toward him, with her hands extended.

"I could be happy now," she answered very softly. "I have always loved you, from that day when you had your fortune told by ugly Pietro's trained birds. I prayed then that your life and mine might never be separated."

Vandergrift took her in his arms and kissed her.

"And you," he said, "I love you with my whole soul. From this moment, I am more than ever a discontented bachelor. I shall never be satisfied until you are my wife."

But that came soon afterward, and Horace Vandergrift gratefully acknowledged her love and companionship as the chief of all fortune's favors.

How We Think.

How little we think of others, and how much we think of ourselves, in making our estimates of the fitness of any agency of good to its work of good. We hear a preacher, and because his subject, or his style, or his manner, does not please us, we decide that he is a poor preacher. Yet, just because we are not like all others, or all others, fortunately, or unfortunately for them, are not like us, we might be sure that a sermon which did suit us would not, in the very nature of things could not, suit other people generally. So it is with the books we enjoy or dislike, with the articles we commend or turn away from in a religious paper, with the ways which attract or repel us in those whom we meet—the very fact that our judgment in a given case is not like all others, or all others, just what it is, is proof that a great many other persons think just the opposite. It ought to be a help to us in considering those things which are distasteful to us, that, in order to its helping the great majority of those whom we know, a thing must be distasteful to us; for our tastes are very different from the tastes of others. Of course, we think our standard of taste is the correct one; but, possibly, other people have the same view of their tastes; so we can find reason for thanking God that not everything we see or hear is according to our liking.

An Expert's Opinion.

A prison official relates the following story: "When speaking one day to a convict, a professional pickpocket, to whom I was giving a word or two of friendly counsel, I asked him why he could not turn over a new leaf and become an honest man. 'I could not, sir,' he replied; 'I must pick pockets. I would take your watch to-morrow if I met you in the Strand. Not,' he added, 'but what I'd give it back to you, for you've been very kind to me. Would you like to know how to prevent your watch being stolen? I'll show you. Just let me have it for a minute.' Cautious to learn a useful hint, I was about to draw my watch from my pocket, when I found it was already in this expert's hand, without my experiencing the slightest touch."

"He then explained to me that the most approved method of detaching a watch from its owner was to hold the ring to which the chain was attached firmly between the finger and thumb, and then, with a sharp twist snap the steel pivot connecting watch and ring, leaving the watch free in the thief's hand and the ring on the chain. 'A dead loss to us,' he added, with cool effrontery, 'of six shillings.' He then showed me that if the ring and watch were connected by a swivel joint, the difficulty of watch stealing would be increased so much as to make it scarcely worth the risk."

Good and Bad Taste.

Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read "John Brown, my property." It's all right to mark things of use in some such way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the objects, not the front. The woman who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china loses a useful thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much of the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic an obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture don't let the shoe-keeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will let the picture on the wall, and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt ginger-bread.

Bonnets are larger than they have been for some time, and the usual shape of the bonnet is extremely flat, though the trimming gives the appearance of height. Very full fronts are worn; the velvet or material being ruffled in the brim, rather than arranged in stiff folds, in a design with a plain edge. A bow is usually placed under the brim in front.

The Coney Island Jockey Club is out with its prospectus of stakes to close on January 1, 1890 to be run at Sheepshead Bay in June, including the famous suburban handicap, which the club guaranteed shall be worth \$10,000, of which the second receives \$2,000 and the third \$1,000. The added money for the futurity of 1891 has been increased to \$12,500, of which \$1,500 is to go to the owner of the winner, and \$1,000 to the owner of the dam of the second, whether they are the owners of the horses that may run first and second or not.

THE EVIL EYE.

Personal Experience With a Jettatura.

When in Sorrento I chanced to meet a man considered to be one of the most remarkable jettatura or "evil-eyed" in Italy. We had heard of him through mutual friends as our future neighbor, his parents having taken for the summer the villa next to ours situated in the gardens of the Hotel Vittoria. Our Neapolitan friends had given us numerous accounts of this wonderful power, in which they believe most firmly, and while their stories amused us, we ridiculed their superstition, and for one I felt a great curiosity to meet this wonderful individual who could bring the direst misfortune upon one by the very evening of the ball at the Princess B's and her sons soon brought him up to be presented.

I was more than ever impressed with the absurdity of the superstition on seeing this handsome, elegant, courteous stranger, and decided at once to accept him as a friend, for nothing else but to prove to his countrymen that there were some people whom they considered intelligent and well educated far above their superstition. We saw a great deal of him that evening, and were all greatly pleased with him, and he struck me as particularly strange was that every one treated him with marked consideration and courtesy. The evening was charming, and with a little excitement added by one of the young ladies slightly spraining her ankle toward the close of the last repetition of the "Tarantella." Not very seriously, as she was able to walk to her carriage; indeed, so slight an accident that we forgot all about it before reaching home.

The next day we were visited by the friends who had introduced the Marquis B., the jettatura, and immediately I commenced rallying them on their absurd superstition, and said that, considering the light in which they regarded him, I noticed that they all treated him most respectfully.

"That is just it," one exclaimed; "people have to treat the fascini politely, so that they may do them no harm."

"And now, madam," said another, the most impulsive of the two, "you cannot deny the power of the jettatura after last night."

"And what happened last night?" I inquired.

"Why, didn't you see the petite Montebello was dancing beautifully when D. looked at her and she fell and sprained her ankle? Then there was the Prince B., who came from Naples to attend his wife's ball; he had never been better in his life; Dr. speaks to him; tells him how glad he is to see him looking so well, and in half an hour afterward the poor man falls suddenly ill, and can hardly reach his bed, where he will probably have to remain, the physician says, for several weeks."

"Well, in all that," I reply, "I see nothing strange. Both things could have happened as well without the presence of the Marquis. Do you not see that it is a simple coincidence, and that it is only because you are looking for such things to happen when your poor friend is near that you notice them? Just as it happens when some one we care for is seriously ill, every sign seems to point to death. If we go out we meet a funeral, or pass streets in which we can read undertakers' sign-boards. If we take up a book or paper, something concerning death is sure to meet the eye. At another time it would all pass unnoticed; but the mind, being full of one subject, of one fear, it has room for nothing else."

"But all my arguments were useless; their answers were always the same. 'Well, whatever people say, there is something in it, and none of us would ever go out without something about us to keep off the evil eye.'"

I have never met more intelligent, more highly cultivated men than the upper-class Italians. Yet it is just in this upper class, the nobility, that one finds this superstition strongest. The middle classes, the trades people, are almost exempt from it; but the peasantry, like the nobles, believe it with an undoubting faith. They have the greatest number of ornaments as charms against this wonderful power, and I do not believe there was one among the highly educated people we met in Naples and its environs who did not carry, concealed generally, a little coral or shell ornament in the form of a hand with the thumb and two middle fingers turned under, leaving the index and little fingers to stick out like two horns.

This same motion is also made with the hand when one meets the person endowed with the fatal gift. Another powerful charm against it is a little bell, rather square than round, with a part of a phrase in Greek letters meaning "May the goddesses of Olympus protect us against the power of eyes."

It is wonderful to see such an enlightened nation persisting in such an absurd belief, but the most curious thing about the superstition is its antiquity. It goes back to the most remote antiquity, legends and ornaments proving its existence in Italy, Greece and India.

Implantation of Teeth.

Dr. Younger's plan of implanting natural teeth in place of those lost has proven less successful than was hoped, as the roots gradually undergo absorption, causing the teeth to loosen and fall out after a year or two.

The polonaise of other days lives under the new title of the Empire redingote, and it will be in high favor during this and the coming season. To describe it generally, it is a half fitting long coat, snug and graceful at the back and open over a plastron and inner skirt of like or contrasting material. Sometimes there is a little fullness left in the corsage portion, which is shirred at the throat; the sleeves are quite full, and a band of Bulgarian embroidery wrought in rich colored silks is around the arm-hole, and forms a deep cuff at the wrists.

We often do more good by manifesting sympathy than by all the labor we might bestow.

FASHION NOTES.

—For the evening, little wreaths of flowers are worn as *chaperon*; that is to say, very small, and placed on one side. Some women wear a thick coronet, called *jardiniere*, made of different flowers, and placed round the chignon at the back, rather low down, so as to form a sort of aureole round the face, but much at the back.

—The half long sleeves of dressy evening corsages admit of many fancy arrangements. When of black or white lace they are trimmed with ribbon epaulettes, bands of velvet crossing the sleeves diagonally, and also arrangements to produce the effect of lace puffings or embroidered tabs, with long strings of beads like a heavy fringe depending from them in Eastern fashion.

—A good wearing glove, which fits and looks well, is one of the great wants of the day, and happily the prices at which dependable gloves are sold is considerably reduced. Suedes have been brought out, not only in all the tan tones, but in a light buttercup, which goes well with the fashionable colors in evening dress; 16-buttoned white Suedes are in demand, and 20-buttoned ones are sold.

—Stockings are so much seen with shoes that they are greatly considered. They are to be had with double heels (which prevent both shoes and boots cutting), in spun silk, and a new make has spun silk outside and Balbriggan in. It is not every woman who can afford open work silk stockings to match every dress; but thread ones are fine, and can be procured of any color, that when—as they often are—embroidered in silk, they look nearly as good as silk.

—The new marabout fans and thin gauze ones with designs of bats and storks, cut to the outline of the pattern and artistically colored, are likely to prove most acceptable gifts as the season advances. There is a new shape—a true oval, bordered with colored lace. Laces have been delicately painted, and feather fans greatly reduced in price—even the ostrich plumes, which are to be procured now in any color, shaded, the chateaux is one of the newest.

—On many of the French bodices the silk lining is fitted with two very deep darts, while the bodice material is smoothly drawn over this foundation, and is seamless. It fits, however, without a wrinkle, and to prevent even a suspicion of fullness a whalebone is run diagonally across the lining just above the waist line, from the second dart, and carried to the under arm again, where it is secured by a buttonhole stitch. Only the two ends are fastened, the casing not being sewed to the lining.

—The dinner gowns are made in varied fashion, with low jackets and revers, with V shaped bodices, and with the classic drapery cut in one with the skirt, falling from the left shoulder. A pretty style is a long flowing white dress, the front arranged with stripes, the bodice and skirt apparently cut in one, starting from the left shoulder, and crossing the bust and waist. Directoire bodices, cut low, with deep revers, look well for evening, especially with the new sleeves, a fluted lace reaching to the elbow, long tasseled ends of the material falling on the front of the skirt.

—The style of dressing hair has certainly a tendency to be lower than has lately been worn. The way has been adopted by most elegant women is to have the hair twisted round like a rope at the nape of the neck, with one or two curled ends escaping or falling carelessly. In front the fringe is massed together like a thick lock in the middle. Others plait the back hair in two wide plaits, raised up with a comb, and then falling slightly on the neck. In fact, the nape is now covered and dressed, but the hair does not descend lower except in the case of curls being worn.

—The large and picturesque round hats of velvet look very stylish in their appropriate place, but the strong northern blast plays sad havoc with their broad brims and floating plumes on the promenade. The heavy breezes continually with this rather abnormal head covering, so that the usual appearance of a fashionably attired woman, as we view her at a little distance, is that of apparently holding her head on. The strongest elastic and the most warlike looking hapsins thrust in here and there have not a chance against the violence of a nor'wester when it dashes around a corner and strikes a "picture hat amidships."

—Artists in gowning are now compelled to study with unusual care the lines of the human form divine. The so-called simple Directoire redingotes, for instance, and the stately Russian polonaises have no frilleries and falls of lace with which to cover a false move of the scissors, and the long straight folds which look easy enough to drape as one looks at the stylish models, are not so quickly adjusted and arranged as one might imagine. The fitting, too, and the emanate tailor finish which alone make the bodies of the garment a success, depend altogether upon the genuine and unaided art of the creator of these "simple" gowns.

—The stately brocades, heavy with embossed devices in silver and gold; the elegant Pompadour satins, matelasse fabrics and superbly colored Lyons velvets which enter so largely into the composition of the magnificent toilets prepared for the forthcoming carnival of gayety and high fashion, consist in a great degree of designs and combinations which recall the pictured scenes of the old minuet dances, with the ladies in their Pompadour gowns, their rich old laces, astrous brocades and their patches and powdered locks. Royal patterns are displayed, shimmering with metallic threads that fairly dazzle the eyes of the holder with the splendor of their coloring and the glow and shimmer of their marvelous web and woof.

—The Twin City Jockey Club, of St. Paul, Minn., has definitely decided to hold a Twin Cities' running meeting immediately after the close of the racing season at Chicago next year. The opening will be on July 23, and the meeting will continue ten days.

HORSE NOTES.

—W. E. Owens, a Canadian trainer, died at Toronto recently.

—St. Albans' record (2:20½) is now used on the road at New York.

—Mosley, record 2:21½, had her first and only foal when 25 years old.

—Twelve Electioneer performers entered the 2:30 list during the season of 1888.

—Topsy, 2:21½, by Walkill Chief, is in foal to Sorrento, and has been turned out.

—W. T. Andrews will have charge of the Village Farm stable of trotters next season.

—The celebrated Australian stallion, St. Albans, died on September 14, at John Crozier's breeding establishment.

—Russell, Robert Bonner's 8-year-old sister to Maud S., has had but one foal. She was sterile last year, but is now in foal to Startle.

—In a match race for \$400 at Providence the first week in December, Rockland Boy beat Bonner. Time, 2:40, 2:39½, 2:40, 2:30, 2:37½.

—Seaview Driving Park, at New Dorp, Staten Island, has been purchased by a party of New York capitalists, and will be converted into building lots.

—Six hundred and seventy-one stallions have made records of 2:30 and better, 509 of them having placed them in their credit during the past eight years.

A training department has been established at Highlawn Farm, Lee, Mass., and Horace W. Brown, formerly with Village Farm, has been engaged as trainer.

—Benjamin White, one of the proprietors of Moreland Stock Farm, at Adamstown, Md., is agitating the subject of organizing an association of horse-breeders in Maryland.

—George Hankins will winter his horses at Nashville, taking them to Memphis for early spring work. He says his horses were pretty well worn out with the season's campaign.

—On a bet of \$500 Albert Cordes rode his sorrel gelding seventy miles in 7h. 55m., over the Parkville Farm track last Saturday. He was given twelve hours to make the trip.

—W. R. Allen has added to the glittering collection at Allen Farm the bay weanling colt Electrola, by Electioneer, out of Sprite, by Belmont; also the 2-year-old bay filly Brenda, by Kentucky Prince, out of Miss Brunette, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

—Jockey Donohue says he walks from ten to twelve miles each day, and by that means keeps in the best possible condition, and will not be compelled to reduce himself so suddenly in the Spring as to weaken him. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco now.

—The George Wilkes gelding Wildox recently paced two heats against Thurness in a special at San Antonio, Tex., over a half-mile track, in 2:22½, 2:16½. You Bet also paced a mile, with running mate, in 2:10, the last half of the mile being finished 1:03½, and the third quarter in 31½.

—Jack Chinn, the well-known turfman, who was recently indicted for cutting Bookmaker Joe Downing at the Latonia race-track during the fall meeting, in Judge Perkins' Court, in Covington, on November 27, pleaded guilty, saying he had committed the offence in the heat of passion. The Court sentenced him to pay a fine of \$500 and costs. Judge Perkins, who sentenced him, is one of the Directors of the Latonia Jockey Club.

—J. I. Case explains how the injury to Jay-Eye-Sec occurred, as follows: "By some means or other he ran his hind leg against some sharp article, cutting the main artery of his left hind leg just below the fetlock joint. This information was quickly carried to the stable, a veterinary was called to the horse, taken care of in the best possible manner. However, he came very near bleeding to death, so near, in fact, that he staggered, was very weak and went to the next point to death, that is to the point where cold sweats started out all over him. If no bad after effects follow, I think it is probable that he may recover his strength so as to be able to trot some fast miles in the latter part of next season."

—The ten leading winning race horses in Australia in 1888 captured \$142,305. The list was headed by Hon. James White's Abercorn, a 3-year-old, by Chester—Cinnamon, who won five races and ran a dead heat, his total winnings amounting to \$20,895.

The second was the same gentleman's Volney, a 2-year-old, by Musket—Lady Vivian, who won five races worth \$18,360. The third was Dunlop, a 5-year-old (who won the Melbourne cup of 1887), by Neckergat—Ella, who won two races, and whose winnings foot up the sum of \$16,860. The fourth is the Australian Peer (winner of the Victorian Derby), a 3-year-old, by Dabinski—Stockdove, who won four races of \$16,350. The other six were as follows: Carlyon, 3 years, eight races and \$15,335; Cardigan, 5 years, five races and \$14,640; Cranbrook, 4 years, five races and \$12,975; Oakleigh, 5 years, two races and \$9,570; Lady Betty, 2 years, six races and a divided dead-heat and \$9,110, and Ruby, aged, six races and \$8,240. Compare the Australian statistics with the winnings of American horses the past season. In this country the largest winner was Proctor Knott, a 2-year-old, who won six races and \$69,115. Emperor of Norfolk, a 3-year-old, won nine races and \$35,985. Los Angeles, another 3-year-old, won over \$33,000. Mr. Belmont's Prince Royal, a 3-year-old, won eleven races and \$33,040. Dwyer Brothers' Sir Dixon, a 3-year-old, won five races and \$34,390. Mr. Haggins' Firenze, a 5-year-old filly, won thirteen races and \$34,561. Mr. Cassatt's The Bard, a 5-year-old, won seven races and \$19,140, and the same gentleman's Taragon, a 3-year-old, won six races and \$31,460.50. Mr. Withers' Faverdale colt, a 2-year-old, won five races and \$21,340, and old Billy Brothers' Bella B., a 3-year-old filly, won nine races and \$21,390. Thus the ten leading American winners named won a grand total of \$333,121.30, against the \$142,305 of the Australian horses.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor

TERMS:—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous notice.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. DEC. 20, 1888.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

NEWS TOPICS OF LOCAL INTEREST TO PENNSYLVANIANS.

Facts and Figures Gleaned from Many Sources and Boiled Down to Brief Paragraphs for the Benefit of Busy Readers.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—Frank Boer, the most prominent miller in southwestern Pennsylvania, has been arrested here charged with arson. Four other men are also under arrest charged with being accessories of Boer's in setting fire to two rural mills. The mills burned were those of Rumbaugh & Brinker in this place, and Chambers & Son at Latrobe, the former involving a loss of \$40,000 and the latter \$70,000. The plot is said to have come to light through a squabble over the amount Boer was to pay the four men for their part in the crime.

A Mud Run Victim Sues the Road. SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 13.—Cornelius Smith, attorney, has entered suit in the Luzerne county court against the Lehigh Valley railroad on behalf of John Jennings and his son James, of Scranton, claiming \$40,000 damages for permanent injuries sustained by the latter in the Mud Run disaster.

A Cowboy on Trial.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—Thomas Welsh, a handsome young cowboy from Miles City, Mont., was placed on trial here for the murder of Diego Little, whom he shot in September last in a quarrel about a woman. Welsh was somewhat surprised that he should be arrested for killing the man, and said he was not accustomed to eastern ways in such affairs. Little had borne a bad reputation, and the citizens are inclined to think the cowboy for killing the town of a dangerous man. Welsh says that if he can get back west he will never venture to the east again.

Two Regiments Disagree.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—By the arrest of Capt. John Reed, of Philadelphia, representing the Seventy-second Pennsylvania infantry regiment, a legal battle over the location of a monument has begun. During the famous charge of Pickett against the now well known "bloody angle" this regiment occupied a position several hundred yards in the rear of the front line, and according to the testimony of prominent officers in the brigade, did not respond when called upon during the crisis, but after Pickett's men were routed a score or more of them rushed to the stone wall and picked up two flags on the ground bravely held through the whole fight by the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, who were busy caring for the wounded.

The Seventy-second veterans insist on occupying a position with the Sixty-ninth, while the Battlefield Memorial association insist that the historically correct position in the rear is the spot for their memorial to stand. The association has sole control of the grounds, and the efforts of the regimental association to secure a glory unearned by them cannot succeed. The man arrested was in the act of putting a foundation in direct opposition to the association's order. He gave \$500 bail, and returned to headquarters to report progress in what appears to have been intended to provoke legal measures.

Cruelly Maltreated and Robbed.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Dec. 12.—Miss Millie Ross, an elderly lady living on the outskirts of Smithfield, was awakened from sleep by cries of distress at her door. She hesitatingly opened the door, and found three masked men entered and demanded her money. Miss Ross was so badly frightened that she could not comply. The robbers tied her hands behind her back, and with lighted candles burned her feet, hands and face, and also beat and bruised her until she was compelled to tell where the money was. She had less than \$5 in the house. They then left, threatening her with death if she gave an alarm. Miss Ross did not venture out until morning. She is ill and in great suffering. A searching party is on the track of the rascals, and they will be lynched if caught. The victim is a highly respected lady.

To Teach Them How to Do It.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 13.—Thomas Longmore, an iron pipe manufacturer of Walsall, England, has hired two Pittsburgh tube workers, at a salary of \$5 per week to accompany him to England and give his employees points on pipemaking there.

Powderly's Picture Taken Down.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 12.—Mr. Powderly's picture has been taken from the wall of the headquarters of District Assembly No. 3 and hidden in the closet. The cork workers will hold a meeting and withdraw from the Knights of Labor at once.

A Destructive Fire in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 14.—The large cooper shop of the Standard Oil company in this city was destroyed by fire last night, together with the contents. Loss, \$85,000. Two firemen were badly injured by falling walls.

Death of D. A. Stewart.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 13.—D. A. Stewart, president of the firm of Carnegie, Phillips & Co., has been found dead in bed. He was about Thursday attending to his business as usual.

Mrs. Chanfrau Defeated.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Dec. 17.—The suit brought in the Court of Chancery by Mrs. Henrietta E. Chanfrau, widow of Frank Chanfrau, the actor, against Col. Clifton W. Taylor, publisher of the Long Branch News, has been settled in the latter's favor.

The Delaware Frozen Over.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Dec. 17.—The Delaware river is frozen over from shore to shore at this place.

Death of Mrs. Tilden.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—Mrs. Moses Y. Tilden, the widow sister-in-law of the late Samuel J. Tilden, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. D. Buchanan, of heart failure. Mrs. Tilden was 72 years of age, and was well known in New York and Tarrytown, where she lived formerly. She was one of the legacies of the late ex-Governor Tilden's will. Her funeral will take place at New Lebanon, N. Y.

A Sermon Ended by Death.

READING, Pa., Dec. 17.—Rev. Job Light, pastor of the Zion United Brethren church, this city, dropped dead after preaching a revival sermon in his church. He was about 60 years of age, and was a prominent minister in the United Brethren denomination, having at one time been presiding elder of the Baltimore district.

HELD FOR RANSOM.

Henry M. Stanley Is Osman Digna's Prisoner.

TERMS: EVACUATION OF SUAKIM

Emin Bey a Fellow Prisoner with the Great Explorer—They Surrendered Oct. 10, and Their Lives Are in Great Danger—England Will Attempt a Rescue.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—There is little doubt that Emin and Stanley have fallen into the hands of the Mahdi. In the letter received at Suakin from Osman Digna, which is supposed to have contained the announcement that Emin Pasha and a white traveller

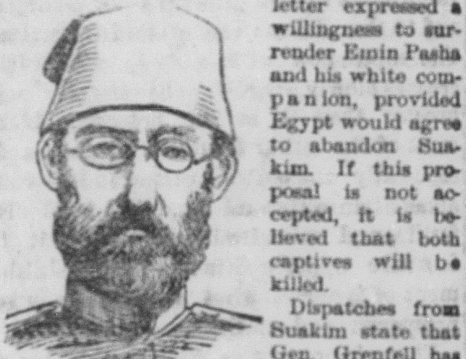


HENRY M. STANLEY.

(presumably Stanley) had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, were enclosed copies of a dispatch from a dervish leader at Lado to the khalfah, giving the date of Emin Pasha's surrender as Oct. 10, and a letter to Emin Pasha from the khalfah, which the latter handed to Stanley when he was at Cairo.

Along with his letter Osman Digna sent several Snider cartridges which he alleged were taken from the white traveller. The Zanzibar in Stanley's possession were armed with Snider rifles, but there were none in the possession of the Arab patriots.

It is rumored that Osman Digna in his letter expressed a willingness to surrender Emin Pasha and his white companion, provided Egypt would agree to abandon Suakin. If this proposal is not accepted, it is believed that both captives will be killed.



EMIN BEY.

Dispatches from Suakin state that Gen. Grenfell has recognized the letter enclosed in Osman Digna's as the original of the one which he drafted for the khalfah, which the latter handed to Stanley at Cairo. Thus Stanley's capture is virtually placed beyond a doubt. The authorities of the Congo Free State have received no information regarding the capture as yet.

In the house of commons Mr. W. H. Smith, the government leader, said that as far as was known Osman Digna's letter announces the surrender of Emin Bey and a white traveller. The government, he said, had no means of learning the truth.

This statement leads to the belief that the government is completely nonplussed. It generally conceded that Osman Digna holds a trump card, against which his opponents are powerless to play, and that the government can only yield on the former's own terms. It is believed in the lobbies of the house that England will be forced to treat with the successful commander for the evacuation of Suakin, for the government will not dare to sacrifice the prisoners, whom Osman Digna threatens to kill unless the town is abandoned.

No Doubt It Is Stanley.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—There can be but little doubt that Stanley is the man who was delivered up with Emin Bey at Lado. Osman Digna in his report distinctly says the white traveller was named Stanley, and he brought the letters from the khalfah to Emin Bey. He speaks of another traveller who visited Emin, but went away. He is now looking for him.

Millers in Council.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 13.—A gathering of 102 millers, representing the largest millery concerns in the southwest, northwest and southeast, met here for the purpose of considering measures to lower the present high price of flour. The meeting convened in the Plankinton house, and was given up to the discussion of means to bring about the desired result. A resolution was introduced to the effect that an agreement be entered into to shut down the mills for a stated period during the first four months of the year. The resolution will be voted on to-day.

Boulangier Commiserates De Lesseps.

PARIS, Dec. 15.—Gen. Boulanger has sent a message of sympathy to Count de Lesseps upon the failure of the Panama canal bill in the chamber of Deputies. Gen. Boulanger says that the rejection of the bill is deplorable, and that it is the crowning sin of the chamber. A meeting of the shareholders of the company has been convened. It is expected that a large lottery scheme will be favored to relieve the necessity of the company.

McCauley in Training.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Dec. 15.—Dominick McCauley has gone into training here, but refuses to say with whom he intends to battle. A well known sporting man, however, is authority for the statement that McCauley will shortly meet Charley Mitchell in a ten round contest in some city near New York. The match will take place before Mitchell meets Dempsey.

A German Spy in France.

PARIS, Dec. 15.—It transpires that Herr Blumenthal, the man who was arrested Sunday on suspicion of being a German spy, is a major in the German landwehr. He had been a chafin in company with a supposed lady (who is really a German cadet) and had taken photographs of the various forts, his apparatus being concealed in a persimmon.

Cruel Joke on a Prisoner.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 15.—Vincenzo Villiotto, who was arrested for drunkenness, was told by his fellow prisoners that the police intended to hang him. This so frightened him that he attempted to kill himself by choking, and afterward by dashing out his brains. He was overpowered.

A Big Fire on a Farm.

CHARLES CITY, Ia., Dec. 13.—J. S. Russell's farm house, together with a large barn, forty tons of hay, thirty head of cattle and some horses and hogs have been consumed by fire. There was no insurance on the property.

DOORS THROWN OPEN.

The Dignity of Statehood Soon to be Conferred on Territories.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—The Democratic caucus of the house met in the hall of representatives at 7:30 o'clock last night and adjourned at 10:45. The caucus was harmonious. About seventy members were present, Mr. Cox, of New York, presiding. Mr. Calne, of Utah, made an earnest speech in favor of the admission of Utah as a state in the Union. She had, he argued, a sufficient population, and the law was such that no one could vote who did not take an oath renouncing polygamy. Speeches were made favoring the division of Dakota by Mr. Dickey, of Missouri; Mr. Mansur, of Missouri; and Mr. Voorhees, of Washington Territory. The latter strongly favored the admission of Washington Territory as a state. Mr. Oates, of Alabama; Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, and Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, opposed the admission of any of the territories at this time, as all of them would go Republican if admitted now.

Mr. Cox, of New York, said the Democrats might as well anticipate the inevitable, and admit the territories which were clamoring at the door of congress for admission. If they were not admitted now they would be soon, and the Democratic party would gain no prestige from it. It admitted now they would reap whatever prestige there was to be derived from doing a just and righteous act. Speaker Carlisle spoke in the same strain. He favored admitting all of the territories named in the Springer or omnibus bill. This view seemed to be the view of the caucus, and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this caucus provision shall be made by which Dakota may be admitted into the Union as one state or two states, as the people of the two proposed states may hereafter determine; also, that the necessary legislation ought to be provided for the early admission into the Union of the territories of Washington, Montana and New Mexico; that those measures should all be embodied in one bill, either by the amendment of the pending bill or otherwise as the committee on territories shall determine; and that an order of the house for the consideration of the measure should be made on a day, day, the bill considered in the house at the earliest day practicable.

A separate resolution was approved admitting the territory of Utah.

A BAD ELEPHANT KILLED.

Chief Strangled to Death with Ropes by Two of His Companions.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13.—Adam Forepaugh's big elephant, Chief, was scientifically strangled by two elephantine executioners, Basil and Bismarck, after sentence of death had been duly pronounced by Adam Forepaugh, Jr. Chief's offense was unruliness and a marked disposition for "ripping things up the back."

During the last show season Chief on various occasions became so vicious as to cause his keeper endless trouble. It was not, however, until the big show reached the winter quarters on Oct. 8 that Chief became unmanageable. Then he broke through all restraint, and for several hours was unquestioned master of all he surveyed. Sixteen bullets from a Winchester rifle were fired into him, but without affecting him in the least.

Sunday morning Chief began to show unmistakable evidences that he was about to get a vicious spell. Adam Forepaugh, Jr., was sent for, and, realizing the danger, ordered the animal to put to death. An inch and a half rope was slipped around the elephant's neck, immediately back of the ears, and the necks fastened to chains strung around the necks of Basil and Bismarck, who were placed on either side.

At the word of command the two elephant executioners pulled the rope taut and Chief fell forward gasping for breath. The "drop" fell as it were, and it took just twenty seconds to strangle him. When Basil and Bismarck were released, they went off to their quarters trumpling with evident satisfaction at having got rid of so undesirable a fellow elephant.

CONGRESSIONAL DIARY.

Summary of the Week's Business of the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The senate continued the discussion of the tariff bill Monday. Among the bills reported to the senate for action was one to establish a coinage mint at Denver and one to furnish arms to the state of Oregon for militia purposes. In the house a resolution for a holiday recess was agreed to, and it was agreed to make the South Dakota bill a special order for Tuesday and succeeding days.

The senate Tuesday changed the rate of duty on steel beams, etc., from 1.1 cents a pound, to 1 cent, and on iron bars, etc., from 1.1 cent a pound, to 1 cent. Senator Gorman opposed Senator Harris' rate (6 cents) as too low. Senators McPherson and Payne voted against it. The house talked all day about the direct tax bill.

The senate, in discussing the tariff Wednesday, got into a political debate and spent the day. The only important business of the house was the passing of the direct tax bill.

The senate continued the discussion of the tariff bill Thursday. It was eliminated by a passage between Mr. Riddleberger and the presiding officer, in which the Virginia senator was threatened with arrest for disorderly conduct. The house resumed discussion of the Oklahoma bill.

The house spent most of Friday in the discussion of the Nicaraguan canal bill.

McCauley Whips Collier.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Jack McCauley, the lightweight champion, aged 21, and Sam Collier, champion aged 27, fought in the Palace rink last evening. Illustrating the old and the new styles, McCauley had it all his own way, raining blows of every description on Collier's face and body, and receiving only three or four light touches in return. In the second round, with a straight arm blow, McCauley knocked Collier down and won the fight and 65 per cent. of the gate receipts. About 1,500 sporting men from this city and Brooklyn witnessed the event.

Killed by White Cap Rollers.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 15.—James McDonald, who was so unmercifully beaten on Monday by the mob killing themselves the Kansas division of the White Caps, died Sunday. A farmer living near here says that he saw the White Caps pass his house on two different nights. On the second night he followed them, and they halted in the woods and dressed the men by number instead of names. Enough was overheard to convince him that they were organized in Phillips and Smith counties.

The Phonograph in Court.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—During the trial of a trade mark suit in the low courts, a phonograph was introduced to reproduce a letter and other papers. The instrument worked successfully, and Judge Kay, who presided at the trial, was surprised and pleased.

St. Paul to Have a Hanging.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 15.—Olaf P. Olson, charged with the killing of Mrs. Nels Lindman for \$500, which she had in the bank in his name, was found guilty of murder in the first degree. This will be the first hanging in St. Paul since 1853.

IT IS A LONG WAY AHEAD.

That Is All Mr. Merton Will Say of the Cabinet.

BUT SPECULATION CONTINUES.

Opinions on the Platt-Miller Contest and the Possibility of New York Having No Cabinet Representative in Consequence. Southern Members Suggested.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Mr. Morton, the vice president-elect, was sufficiently rested last evening from the fatigue of his journey into the west, and sufficiently recovered from the cold that he caught out there, to stand a little questioning concerning the trip. His inquiry was not very productively according to the experience of the reporter, nor could he learn that any one had fared any better, even of the Big Four or representatives of it. Mr. Morton said with smiling courtesy:

"The trip was entirely a social matter, and had no other significance. Gen. and Mrs. Harrison visited Mrs. Morton and myself to make such a visit some time ago, but during the campaign I could not find an opportunity."

As to any questions concerning the cabinet, or anything else connected with the new administration, Mr. Morton had nothing whatever to say. His own words were: "I am very sorry that I have no information to give that would be useful to you. The formation of the cabinet is really, if you will think it, a long way ahead."

Mr. Platt does not seem to have seen Mr. Morton yet but it is idle to suppose that there has been no communication between them. Mr. Platt was equally reticent last evening, however, and professed a lack of information if not of interest in the matter.

A gentleman at the Fifth Avenue hotel, who was quite the reverse of reticent, said: "It is all settled. It will be a Blaine cabinet, let me tell you, and Mr. Platt will be the secretary of the treasury."

Another one, a city official, said when asked whether there was any danger that New York would be left out altogether on account of the contention between Mr. Miller and Mr. Platt for the honor of a cabinet appointment should result in depriving the state of representation in the cabinet; and whether, in case of the appointment of one of them, the other would probably make war on the administration.

The answers were generally evasive or unsatisfactory. Some refused to say anything about it. The common opinion seemed to be that the contest would be adjusted without leaving any bad effect upon the party in the state or upon its relations to the new administration. Mr. Farquhar said he "did not think the party in New York would cry if the state did not receive the honor of a cabinet office." He was sure the party could not be stung into any fight against the administration in consequence of the contest between Miller and Platt.

Mr. Harrison will probably say, as Garfield ought to have said, "When you settle your disputes among yourselves I shall be ready to hear you and to act."

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 15.—While the New York situation is bothering the eastern statesmen Gen. Harrison is devoting more of his time to the consideration of the south and the representation that it shall have in the cabinet. It is known that he is going over the very long list of southern Republican statesmen very carefully in the hope of finding a man who shall be of cabinet size and at the same time a fair representative of that part of the country.

Mahoney would be one of the most distasteful men personally that Gen. Harrison could name in a official family. He leans more to men less well known, and less disliked by the bulk of the southern people. The nature of the material from which he has to select makes it natural that the attorney generalship should be the place most thought of in connection with a southern man.

Young lawyer Baxter, of Tennessee, who was put in the running early by Congress, is still talked of. His father had a narrow escape from being Garfield's attorney general. Judge Hammond, the well known ex-Confederate, but guaranteed now to be thoroughly reconstructed, is said to be among the few men whose names are down on Gen. Harrison's list as cabinet possibilities. Alden, of Mississippi, and Bullock, of Louisiana are other lawyers whose records are being looked over.

Business, Not Politics.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Gen. Alger, who has just returned from a visit to Mr. Blaine at Augusta, sends the report that he bore a message to Mr. Blaine from Gen. Harrison, and says he was one in response to an invitation extended by Mr. Blaine when in Michigan, and also for the purpose of talking over the Atchafalaya railroad matters, in which he and some friends are interested. He says he has not seen Gen. Harrison since the election.

Accompanied Candidate.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 15.—The Register says a friend of Gen. Harrison has been heard sounding politicians as to the acceptability of Hon. N. D. Sperry for postmaster general.

Hackensack's Hanging.

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 15.—John Meyers Doremus, who fatally murdered his son, John Bogert Doremus, at his home in Hackensack, N. J., on June 16 last, while the son was defending his mother from ill treatment at the hands of her husband, will be executed to-morrow at the Bergen county jail yard at Hackensack. To-morrow morning Van Hise, the New Jersey hangman, will commence the erection of the gallows on which Doremus will expiate his crime.

Lucy Parsons in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.—Mrs. Lucy Parsons arrived home from the east on an early train. She absolutely refused to see anybody but her intimates, and either left her home almost immediately after arriving or shut herself up so closely that she could not be approached. On account of the uncertainty of the hour at which Mrs. Parsons was expected to arrive, there were but few of her friends at the depot to welcome her. There was no demonstration.

Funeral of Mrs. Stewart's Sister.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The funeral of Miss Julia Augusta Terrell Clinch, a sister of the late Mrs. A. F. Stewart, and one of the heirs of the Stewart estate, took place from St. Patrick's Roman Catholic cathedral on Fifth avenue, where a solemn mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the departed. The interment was at Greenwood.

Flood in the Naugatuck.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 15.—The Naugatuck is swollen by the heavy rain, and mills have had to stop. Seymour. Buildings in Ansonia are flooded. Considerable damage is feared.

N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir

A positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping-Cough, Catarrh, Hoarse-ness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Fever, Pleurisy, and diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. As an Expectorant it has no equal. Assumption has been cured times without number by its timely use. It heals ulcerated surfaces, and cures when all other remedies fail. Fifty-six years of instant use has proven its virtues. Every family should keep it in the house. Sold everywhere. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters

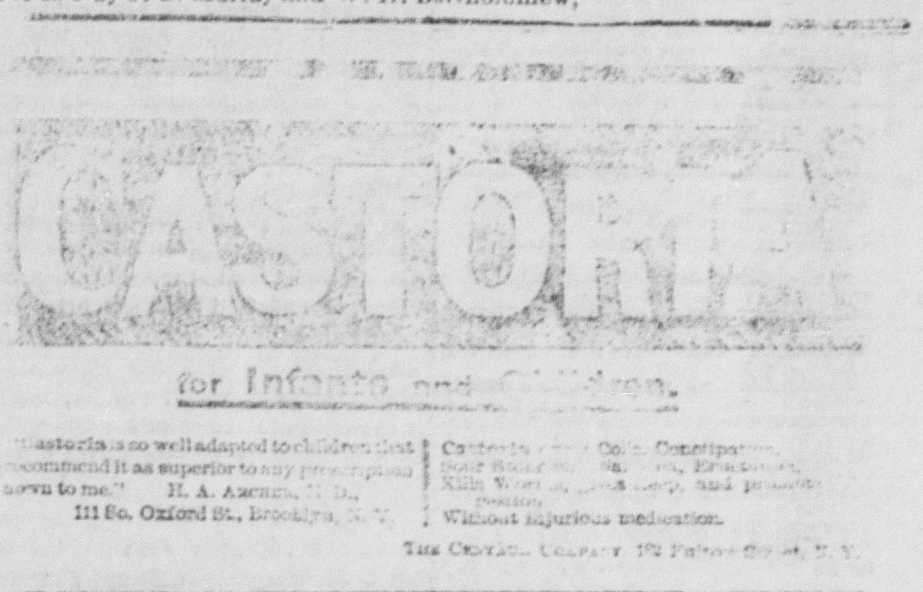
A sure cure for Costiveness, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Audacity, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they purify the blood. Price 25 cts. per bottle. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors of

Arnica and Oil Liniment for Man and Beast.

The best external remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is a safe, sure, and effectual Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on Horses. One trial will prove its merits. It effects are in most cases instantaneous. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

For sale by J. D. Murray and W. H. Bartholomew,



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SINGLE SHOT RIFLES, RELOADING TOOLS, AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Fragrance of the Gospel.

"All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psa. 45:8.

AMONG the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborated rose windows, and sculptured of the last Judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of *quatre-foils*; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the

COSTLY VESTMENTS

which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses, and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the cunctant aromatics in the place which they had been preserved, filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the *kingly robes of Christ*, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

THE KING STEPS FORTH.

His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial King, King of Zion, King of earth, King of Heaven, King forever! His garments nor worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant, and jeweled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay. They "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are

ODOROUS WITH MYRRH.

This was a bright-leaved Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliate. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, and Jews bought and sold it as a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on His infant bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost indelibly to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

I know that to many He is only like any historical person; another John Howard; another philanthropic Oberlin; another Confucius; a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard His voice, and felt His pardon, and received His benediction, He is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and

ETERNAL FRAGRANCE.

sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betrays; lifting you up while others try to push you down; not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon, and night; yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear Him out. We put on Him all our burdens, and afflict Him with all our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles; and yet He is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon Him that one would think in eternal affront He would quit our soul; and yet to-day He addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, plies us with the same compassion.

There is no name like His in the world. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all ploughed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman, to catch the

TEARS OF HUMAN SORROW

in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to match us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express Him; He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see Him with our eyes, and to hear Him with our ears, and to touch Him with our hands. Oh that to-day He might appear to some other one of our

five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover His presence. He comes upon us like spicy gales from Heaven. Yea, His garments smell of lasting and all-pervasive myrrh.

Oh that you all knew His sweetness! how soon you would turn from your novels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are

ODOROUS WITH ALOES.

There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the peculiar appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostile reception, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your fingers when He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briars? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimages! Aloes! aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ?

DENIED BOTH CRADLE AND DEATH-BED.

He had a place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to His lips, until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Caesar? No! no! All this because He wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because He wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost, and He wanted to find us. Because we were blind, and He wanted us to see. Because we were dead, and He wanted us to live. Because we were in the sackcloth and the sackcloth, and oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenfranchisement, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are

ODOROUS WITH CASSIA.

This was a plant which grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do you want me to be? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these cool days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up, or mollified.

THE MARASMUS OF SIN.

is on us—the palsy and dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring tonight in Fulton street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors having given him up, and his friends now standing round to take his last words—no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's Apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia!

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantel-piece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though He brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost it is not because God pushed him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross-roads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house a man who is

DESTROYING HIS SOUL.

and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the

roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound, and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after Him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: "Cure this opthalmia!"

GIVE EASE AND REST

to this spinal distress! Straighten this club foot!" Christ made every house where He stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since, His heart has got hard, I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get His benediction. O Jesus! here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, His "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance; "and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories; "and cassia"—that means medicine and cure.

According to my text, He comes "out of the ivory palaces."

THE IVORY PALACES.

You know, or if you do not know, I will tell you now, that some of the places of olden times were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say:

"Oh if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains! You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His 'garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.'"

WHAT A PLACE HEAVEN MUST BE!

The Tulleries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God—the ivory palaces! One of the angels, suffering bright, winged, fire-eyed, trumpet-charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of His palace the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for your ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-day it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see, climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart-break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little

CHILDREN THAT WENT OUT FROM YOU Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep a little child; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stand holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust, and the gravel, and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead-weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put head down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so

YOUR LOVED ONES ARE THERE.

They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you can never reach that harbor. You must as well take the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces! When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel wet, as they injure the grass by trampling.

beired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit

TO GO IN AS I AM

and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed—we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, bid the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the waves and comes up at a far-distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest,

MIGHTIEST OF ALL FACTS

that Christ did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His brow, came with spears in His heart, to save you and to save me. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, whom this audience with Thy compassion mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of Thy grace! Ride through today the conqueror. Thy garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces!" O sinners! fling everything else away and take Christ! Take Him now—not to-morrow. During the night following this very day, there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a tremendous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

To a Cougher.

You do not need to cough near as much as you do. You encourage your cough to cough. You make no effort whatever to put it down. You give way like a seven-year-old boy, to the last bit of irritation in your throat, and the result is, more cough. If you would resist it for only two seconds, you would in a little time be able to keep it off for four, and then for eight, and get rid of the whole thing much sooner.

Coughing, kind sir, is just like drinking. The more you let yourself cough, the more that part of you that coughs will want to cough. You want to keep a tight rein over your coughing department. Say to yourself some morning on first going out, "I'm not going to cough a much to-day. I'm going to stop this nonsense. I'm going to see if I can't get my coughing department of mine off to raise me and make me work at something like a cart-horse," and you will be surprised before the day is over to see how little coughing you will do.

But you don't fight off your cough at all. On the contrary, you nurse it. It is a trap, and when it comes to the door of your throat, knocking with its vexatious irritation, you give way to it, open the door and let it have its own way. And then those dreadful noises you make way down your throat. Does it ever occur to you that they are not harmonious with those about you? You convey in impression that you are trying to burn yourself inside out, but with poor success. Now, you are not really compelled to create all that disturbance in your larynx. If a man stood by you with a six-shooter, threatening to blow your brains out if you didn't stop, and you felt certain he would do so, you would postpone a good deal of your internal and external concert. It is only a blind habit and a total disregard for the comfort of those near you that make you keep up such a row when you have a cold.

Different Kinds of Courage.

Illustrative of the different kinds of courage observable in different races, Lord Volseley tells us that at the storming of Lucknow our troops found themselves in presence of a gate house, from the upper stories of which a severe fire was kept up on them. The only access to the upper stories was by some very narrow winding staircase, hardly admitting one man at a time. The English soldiers shrank for a moment from what seemed certain death. But the Sikhs rushed in, went up the stairs, and in five minutes had thrown every rebel out of the windows. Yet the Sikhs would not have stood up man to man against English infantry. There is also the courage peculiar to certain individuals and certain races which arises from contempt for death and the belief that it only leads to a better and happier life. This was Gordon's courage. This was the courage of the Ironsides. And this is the courage of the

Turks.

"Is any body waiting on you," said a polite salesman to a girl from the country. "Yes," said the blushing damsel, "that's by feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

IT WOULD LAST.—"Is the material good," asked a German student, who was buying a coat.

"It will last a long time, almost until you pay for it. It is very durable indeed."

The best way to ventilate the stables is to leave the doors and windows open during the day.

Hay seed and the rakings of the barn loft make excellent scratching litter for fowls.

Do not turn cattle on fields that are wet, as they injure the grass by trampling.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1888.

Ruth's Choice.

LESSON TEXT.

Judg. 1: 16-22. Memory verses, 16, 18, 3.

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: God's Promises Fulfilled.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass.—Josh. 21: 45.

LESSON TOPIC: Preferring God's People.

Lesson: 1. Ruth's Preference, vs. 15, 17. Outline: 2. Naomi's Assent, vs. 18, 22. 3. Bethlehem's Sympathy, vs. 19, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT: Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1: 16.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Ruth 1: 16-22. Preferring God's people.

T.—Ruth 1: 1-15. Ruth's early history.

W.—Ruth 2: 1-23. Ruth glean-ing.

T.—Ruth 3: 1-18. The kindness of Boaz.

F.—Ruth 4: 1-17. Ruth married to Boaz.

S.—John 15: 1-17. The duty of brotherly love.

S.—1 John 3: 1-24. Love among God's children.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. RUTH'S PREFERENCE.

1. Diversion Depreciated:

Intreat me not to leave thee (16).

God forbid that we should forsake the Lord (Josh. 24: 16).

Nay; but we will serve the Lord (Josh. 24: 21).

As the Lord liveth... I will not leave thee (2 Kings 2: 2).

Lord, to whom shall we go? (John 6: 68).

II. Decision Announced:

Whither thou goest, I will go (16).

As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord (Josh. 24: 15).

O king... we will not serve thy gods (Dan. 3: 18).

I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest (Luke 9: 57).

I am set for the defence of the gospel (Phil. 1: 16).

III. Continuance Vowed:

The Lord do so to me... if aught but death part thee and me (17).

I will give thee thanks for ever (Psa. 52: 9).

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live (Psa. 104: 33).

So that I may accomplish my course (Acts 20: 24).

I press on toward the goal unto the prize (Phil. 3: 14).

1. "Intreat me not to leave thee." (1)

Ruth's preference; (2) Naomi's suggestion; (3) Ruth's decision; (4) Naomi's acquiescence.

2. "Whither thou goest, I will go." (1)

The unknown destination; (2) The chosen companionship; (3) The complete dedication.

3. "If aught but death part thee and me." (1)

Loving fellowship; (2) Profitable fellowship; (3) Permanent fellowship.

II. NAOMI'S ASSENT.

1. The Steadfast Mind:

She was steadfastly minded to go with her (18).

No man... looking back, is fit for the kingdom (Luke 9: 62).

He would not be persuaded (Acts 21: 14).

Be ye steadfast, unmovable (1 Cor. 15: 58).

A double-minded man, unstable in all his ways (Jas. 1: 8).

II. The Gracious Assent:

When she saw... she left speaking unto her (18).

Ye are witnesses... that ye have chosen the Lord (Josh. 24: 22).

Did me come unto thee... And he said, Come (Matt. 14: 28, 29).

He saith unto them, Come and ye shall see (John 1: 39).

We ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done (Acts 21: 14).

III. The Loving Companionship:

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess (22).

How good and how pleasant... to dwell together in unity! (Psa. 133: 1).

Was not our heart burning within us... in the way? (Luke 24: 32).

They brought him on his way unto the ship (Acts 20: 38).

The Lord stood by me, and strengthened me (2 Tim. 4: 17).

1. "She saw that she was steadfastly minded." The steadfast mind: (1)

Its characteristics; (2) Its manifestations; (3) Its fruits.

2. "She left speaking unto her." (1)

A time to speak; (2) A time to be silent.—(1) Testing by words; (2) Approving by silence.

3. "They came to Bethlehem." (1)

Who? (2) Whence? (3) Whither? (4) Why?

III. BETHLEHEM'S SYMPATHY.

1. Bethlehem:

They came to Beth-lehem (19).

And Samuel... came to Beth-lehem (1 Sam. 16: 4).

Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea (Matt. 2: 1).

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem (Luke 2: 15).

The scripture said that the Christ cometh... from Bethlehem (John 7: 42).

II. Sympathy:

All the city was moved about them (19).

All the city was stirred, saying, Who is this? (Matt. 21: 10).

She was a widow; and much people of the city was with her (Luke 7: 12).

Weep with them that weep (Rom. 12: 15).

Bear ye one another's burdens (Gal. 6: 2).

III. Sorrow:

The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me (20).

She was in bitterness of soul, and prayed (1 Sam. 1: 10).

The Lord hath taken away (Job 1: 21).

He... afflicted me with bitterness (Job 9: 18).

Another dieth in bitterness of soul (Job 21: 25).

1. "All the city was moved about them." (1) In surprise; (2) In sympathy.—(1) Naomi's sorrowful condition; (2) Bethlehem's kindly concern.
2. "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara." (1) The name "Pleasant;" renounced; (2) The name "Bitter;" preferred.—(1) Naomi's changed condition; (2) Naomi's changed designation.
3. "The Almighty hath afflicted me." (1) The source of affliction; (2) The forms of affliction; (3) The recipients of affliction; (4) The fruits of affliction.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

MAKING CHOICE OF GOD.

1. Demanded:

"You look so happy that I suppose

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. DEC. 20, 1888.

NO PAPER.

Next week, Christmas, as usual in all offices, we will not issue a paper. We trust all our readers will have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May our farm-raised get better prices for their products, and larger crops, the laborer higher wages, the merchants a larger trade, the lawyers cut down his fees, the doctors find less sickness, the ministers convert many souls, the Reporter gain many new subscribers, and every one of its fair young lady readers a good, kind and rich husband—is the Reporter's last word for expiring 1888, and as the coming events for new 1889.

Merry Christmas, to all!

LOCAL ITEMS.

Tinsel 6c a ball.—Garmans.
Have you seen those big spoons of thread?—Garmans.
—Ed. Krumrine has a lumber job on Cheat river, West Va.
—Smoker's sets at Zeller's drug store, Bellefonte.
—The Millheim knitting factory is still in a drag, we are told.
—For a fine Xmas present go to Zeller's drug store Bellefonte.
—All the prop timber operations in our mountains seem to be in full operation.
—The train on Monday morning was well filled with passengers on their way to Bellefonte to attend institute.
—A full line of the latest popular novels on sale at Murray's drug store—sent to any address for 20 cts.
—It is not Christmas yet, but Dr. Jacobs was made the recipient of a bouncing boy on Monday night.
—George Koch, after an 8 months' absence in Delaware county, has returned to spend Christmas with his family.
—Look here, young fellow, if you want to be nicely dressed, get your clothes made by Fleming, the tailor, Bellefonte.
—Rev. Fischer was able to fill his appointments at the Union, Georges Valley and Centre Hall churches last Sabbath.
—Wm. H. Hogley, of Howard, and Miss Alice Yearick, daughter of Adam Yearick of Jacksonville, were wedded Thursday evening, the 13th.
—A party of hunters hailing from Port Royal shot a deer in the Seven mountains, opposite the Tunnels last week, says the Middleburg Post.
—Don't fail to visit Miller's, a photographer in this place, and see the work done by him, which is as fine and well executed as done by any artist.
—Henry Krumrine, of Spring Mills, who has been troubled with soreness of the foot, has fallen into a critical condition, as it is feared gangrene will set in.
—Alfred P. Krape has purchased the little farm of Howard Homan, adjoining this town, near the station, consisting of 10 acres with new houses and stable thereon. Price paid, \$2,000.
—Monday night the residence of P. E. Swartz, one of the best in Howard township, was destroyed by fire. The fire is supposed to have originated from the flue. Loss about \$2,500, with light insurance.
—Wm. Bare, at work at Jacob Harters, in Gregg, was kicked on the leg by a mule, which cut a hole thro' boots, pants and stockings, and caused a severe leg, but for the above obstructions it would have been much worse.
—John Coldren, of Georges valley, who has been ill of dropsy for several months, is slowly improving. Mr. Coldren had to occupy a chair for about two months day and night, and he thinks that in all that time he had not slept ten hours.
—Ephraim Hammel, of Snyder county, while working on the Beecher and Sober saw Mill at Gorton Heights, met with a painful accident last Friday. Both his hands were terribly mangled by coming in contact with a circular saw while he was engaged in edging lumber.
—Daniel Durt is quite ill of erysipelas on the side of his head, face and breast. Mrs. Durt is also suffering from the same in one of her arms which is very much swollen. It is supposed that she contracted the disease through a slight sore on one of her fingers, in attending to her husband.
—Dale & Co., of this place, have opened their line of holiday goods for the inspection of all. It consists of a fine line of toys, china and glass ware, etc., suitable for Xmas presents. They have received a fine lot of confectionery which will be sold very cheap. In buying Christmas presents don't fail to give them a call.
—Phillipsburg has a full-blooded colored gentleman, a port porter, who speaks high German as fluently and correctly as a German professor. In a Philadelphia hotel we came across a colored waiter who speaks high German and French and can't speak a word of English. Samples of this kind are rare among the Africans.
—Teachers' Institute is in full blast in the court house, this week. Much interest is manifested by teachers and citizens in the exercise, as the program is a good one, for Prof. Wolf knows how to prepare one for such an occasion. The weather is a little unpropitious and may have deterred many from attending.
—Centre Hall Sabbath school is passing Christmas this year without any exercises. Millheim, Aaronsburg, and other towns have programs for Christmas. Centre Hall, when it has an exercise, it is first class, and original. An exercise produced in the Lutheran church of this place several years ago, was reproduced in Philadelphia, Baltimore and other towns, and is said to be down in some catalogues in the list of exercises for holiday week—this exercise was the "Exhibition of the Crosses," and originated with the writer.

DEATH OF JOHN OSWALD.

On the 14th Mr. John Oswald, an aged and respected citizen of Penn Hall. His sickness was of several weeks duration only. He was a member of Salem Reformed church and died in the exercise of christian faith and in the enjoyment of good hope. He was a kind, friendly neighbor, and in some respects generous to a fault. He had a smile, a kind word and a warm grasp of the hand for all who approached him. His remains were laid away in the Heckman cemetery on Tuesday amid appropriate religious services.

CLINTON COUNTY.

Lock Haven Democrat: We learn from a gentleman just returned from Philadelphia that ex Judge H. L. Deifenhach, now doctoring for his eyes in that city, has determined on the advice of his physician to have one of them—the right one—removed entirely, the presumption being that the other one will thereby be benefited and the sight probably restored.

William Saltzman, brother of Robert Saltzman, of this city, fell over dead from supposed heart disease Tuesday afternoon, near Ferny, while in pursuit of a deer. Report says that he shot at the deer once and was just about to shoot the second time when death seized him.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Daniel Ulrich, an aged citizen of Millheim, died suddenly, on last Monday evening. He was one of the oldest residents of that place, and aged about 80 years.

BAND FESTIVAL.

The Centre Hall band will hold a fair and festival, commencing on Monday, Dec. 24, and continue during the week. Supper will be served on Christmas evening.

FALL AND WINTER.

Get a new suit and overcoat from Montgomery & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte. They are so much cheaper than ready made clothing. They have also a full stock of Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, and Gentlemen's Furnishings.

Montgomery & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

—Boys are preparing to slide.
Scene 8c a yard.—Garmans.
Celluloid collars and cuffs for ladies and men.—Garmans.
—Mr. Oswald, of Penn Hall, died on Sunday.
—Fine Christmas presents at Zeller's drug store.
—Walter Bayard, of Bellefonte, was in town on Monday morning.
—You would be surprised at the prices at which Faubie sells clothing.
—The heavy rain Monday night caused our streams to run bank full.
—Ladies' coats, an immense stock at lower prices than ever, at Meese's store, Bellefonte.
—Mr. G. W. Lonebarger, one of our old friends, paid our sanction a visit on Tuesday.
—Toilet cases in leather and metal fittings at J. Zeller & Son's drug store, Bellefonte.
—Keep in style by getting your clothes from Fleming, the fashionable tailor, Bellefonte.
—Mrs. Adam Bloom, of Lock Haven, was visiting at the home of Mr. James Rankle, near town.
—Ladies' dress goods in all styles for fall and winter at Meese's store, Bellefonte.
—Gents furnishing goods at reduced rates at Faubie's Rochester Clothing House, Bellefonte.
—Young Kinsloe, of Osceola in the penitentiary for an attempt of rape, has been pardoned.
—You can get a suit made to order by Fleming, the tailor, Bellefonte, at astonishing low prices.
—The Sunday train business has received its quietus—the railroad company refused to grant it.
—If you want a genuine buffalo robe, call at D. A. Boozier's harness rooms, and see this stock.
—The new Luth. church at Coburn is now under the hands of Mr. D. F. Luce, for re-roofing.
—Dale & Co., have received an exceptionally fine line of toys, china and glassware, etc., for the holiday season.
—A Centre Hall Republican is an applicant for an appointment under the next legislature—likely a paster and folder.
—Novels by Scott, Goldsmith, Verne, Haggard, Dickens, Dora Thorne, Hugh Conway etc., on sale at Murray's drug store.
—S. R. Miller, the photographer, desires to state that he will take country produce in exchange for work done by him, at market prices.
—J. O. Deininger, is having his planing mill building finished and will convert it into a boarding house with a room for a store.
—The reputation of the Philadelphia Branch for cheap clothing is an established fact and can be touched by any one in the county.
—We are sorry to learn that John Odenkirk, the popular landlord of the Fort hotel, has been ill for some time, and has had several severe hemorrhages of late.
—Frank's Great Novelty Store carries the largest stock of dolls, toys, silk mufflers, plush albums, dressing cases, cups and saucers, etc.—Bush's arcade.
—Don't fail to visit Meese's store on Allegheny street, when shopping in Bellefonte. They have a fine line of goods and sell at rock bottom rates. Produce taken in exchange.
—The John Bariges farm at Farmers Mills, was sold to Daniel Bariges at \$42 per acre. The Christ. Behm farm, south of Millheim, was sold to Wm. F. Smith, for \$52 per acre, by Jacob Suook's assignee.
—If you desire your boy to have a Christmas gift that will last him to the end of the year, get one of those handsome suits for him, for which there is such a great rush at Lewins, Philad. Branch. The stock of clothing, for men and boys, is astonishing, and every piece honest goods, and lower in price by 25 per cent. than elsewhere. Lewins leads and keeps up his old reputation for honest goods, lowest prices and latest styles.

PENN TOWNSHIP.

Rev. Bierly, of Madisonburg, was the guest of his sister Alice E. Duck of Millheim on Saturday and Sunday.

Musser and Alexander our marble men put up a large monument at the grave of Daniel Musser, it weighs in the neighborhood of five tons.

The recent rains raised the creeks considerable part of the mill race to the old Musser mill was torn out. That will be a delightful job to repair by this cold weather.

H. E. Duck killed two porkers weighing 83½ lbs. the one weighing 1½ lbs. more than the other.

The pike company is busy repairing their pike to Coburn. The turnpike company ought to have a lesson once.

I think the Reporter's head is level on the tax question, for exempting live stock. The farmers have more taxes to pay than they really can make up.

NO SUNDAY CARS.

The Sunday train movement has proven a failure. The protests were too strong and overcame the amor for the same. Besides we think the railroad company did not think it would pay to run a Sunday train over our branch. The railroad hands now breathe easier for the day of rest.

Muffs and stoles.—Garmans.
Plushes and felt.—Garmans.
Umbrellas.—Garmans.

New goods! bargains, at C. P. Long.
—Andrew Durnst is here from the west, visiting friends.

—2 lbs. candy for 25c. at C. P. Long's store, Spring Mills.

—Fall and winter stock of clothing at the Philad. Branch.

—From present weather indications there will be a big crop of ice.

—Fall and winter stock of clothing at the Philad. Branch.

—Very fine work done at Miller's photo. car. Prices very low.

Thousands of articles suitable for Holiday presents.—Garmans.

—Several cases of diphtheria at Howard and Eagleville.

Teachers are welcome to call and examine our stock.—Garmans.

—Holiday goods in endless variety at Zeller's drug store Bellefonte.

—William Crozier, of Millinburg, died on the 13th, aged 76 years.

—Mr. H. M. Cain, of Spring Mills was one of our pleasant callers last week.

—Brand new overcoats and suits for fall and winter wear at Faubie's, Bellefonte.

—Frank's great Novelty store, in Bush's arcade, carry the largest stock of tinware, etc.

—Dr. Hosterman has gone to Williamsport and will be absent about a week.

Celluloid collars and cuffs for ladies and men.—Garmans.

—Frank's great Novelty Store, cheap set in Bellefonte, in Bush's arcade building.

—Frank Bottorf, of Flemington Clinton county, had his hip broken by a huge log rolling over him.

—Toilet cases, Manicure sets, etc. in leather and metal trimmings at Zeller's drug store, Bellefonte.

—Ladies' dress goods in all styles for fall and winter, at Meese's store, Bellefonte.

—About twenty Lock Havenites have been arrested for stealing coal off the cars and from the railroad company.

—You can save a days wages every time, by buying your boots and shoes at A. C. Mingle's store, Bellefonte.

—Rochester Clothing House in Reynolds's building, Bellefonte, for cheap clothing and gents furnishing goods.

—Sunday evening rain set in and it rained moderately all night. It's the old thing now—mud and rain.

—Trusses and shoulder braces, popular makes and designs at Murray's Drug Store.

—Freight trains are run every Sunday between Bellefonte and Montandon to accommodate the fast increasing traffic.

—Powers' immense stock of boots and shoes and low prices is what makes him lively at their store at Bellefont.

—The number of applications for licenses to sell liquor in Clearfield county, filed with the clerk of the quarter sessions, is 108.

—We shall feel grateful to all our patrons upon whom we can prevail to close up accounts before the beginning of the year.

—John Martz, shoemaker at the Fort, will move into one of Kurtz's houses at the station and carry on shoe-making there.

—J. D. Murray gave the Becker washing machine a trial a few days ago, and pleased with its work, he bought one. No machine like it.

—This season's luck of the hunters of Green. Becker's neighborhood, was three deer and one bear. Centre Hall's has been brot in no venison this season.

—At Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte you will find anything in boots and shoes from the coarse and heavy boots to the finest ladies' dress gaiter. A complete stock and at prices you never heard of.

—A. P. Wieland of this place, left on Tuesday for Alexandria, Huntingdon Co., to attend the wedding of his brother John Wieland to Miss Kennedy, at which Alf is to be his brother's best man.

—A Selingsgrove dispatch of the 14th inst. says: Two more children of William Bobb's family have died of diphtheria last night, a boy aged 12 years, and this morning a girl aged 14. This makes four children from the Bobb family within ten days.

—The Philad. Branch has opened up its fall stock of clothing. An immense stock of fall and winter overcoats can be found there for your inspection. They have overcoats in all styles, price and quality. Remember the Philad. Branch when in need of clothing.

—For cheapest family groceries go to Sechler's old and reliable stand in the Bush house block. For the holiday season every family is desirous to have the best of everything on the table, and at Sechler's is the place to find it. They keep the best canned and dried fruits, syrups, teas, coffee, meats, and all the fine grades of candies, raisins, oranges, lemons and other good things.

IT o WILL o PAY o YOU

to call and examine the beautiful

HOLIDAY GOODS

we are offering. Comb and Brush sets, Work Boxes, Glove Boxes, Infant Sets, Manicure Sets, Card Cases, Odor Cases, Cigar Cases, Smoker's Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Pen Wipers, Lap Tablets, Match Boxes, Dressing Cases, Perfume Baskets, Shaving Sets, Blacking Sets, Whisk Holders, and a great variety of novelties.

It will cost you nothing to look, and the low prices of the goods will surprise you.

Green's Pharmacy,

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE.

SPRING MILLS.

A celebrated horse doctor who has been giving lectures at different places in the county, orated the people of Spring Mills last Saturday evening.

C. P. Long has taken possession of the store lately purchased, and now its Charlie who meets you with a pleasant "how do you do?" when you enter the "Central Supply Depot." Charlie seems to have a large run of custom so far.

Four Centre Hall boys paid Spring Mills a visit last Saturday night. Two of them went out to skate and the other two went some where else.

Our teachers are all at Bellefonte this week attending institute.

—If you wish to make a friend a fine present see Zeller's stock, Bellefonte.

Little lap globe baskets.—Garmans.
Linen handkerchiefs and muffs.—Garmans.

POTTERS MILLS.

Mrs. Rebecca Workinger is on the sick list.

Mrs. Kate Harper was seriously ill, but is improving.

Mrs. Jennie Strong took a congestive chill, and was seriously ill, but is convalescent.

Michael Miller and wife, of Millheim, were the guests of J. R. Stroung, Sunday.

There is a great deal of sickness in this section at present and given our physicians plenty of practice.

Ed. Allison has employed W. H. Fults quarry stone for the pike, and will commence to repair it at once.

T. I. Royer is the boss butcher in this section, and can turn a hog into sausage as soon as the next fellow.

15¢ for a pair of children's mitts.—Garmans.
\$1.50 for a fine skirt pattern.—Garmans.
4c. yard for light calicoes.—Garmans.

HIDES WANTED

At the Centre Hall tannery.
Oil plastering hair, lace, kip, upper, harness, sole and a general stock of leather for sale. Hides tanned on shares. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Call or address, J. S. Rowe.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Have you seen our store?—Garmans.

—All the popular novels at Murray's.

—Manicure sets at Zeller's, Bellefonte.

—Ladies' silk, wool, and cashmere mitts.—Garmans.

—Toilet cases in leather and metal fittings at Zeller's drug store Bellefonte.

Wick, match, and stopper holders in brass.—Garmans.

—On Sunday morning a high wind bent the smoke stack at the flouring mill, and made it necessary to shut down.

—After the rain on Monday night, a snow squall followed, and Tuesday morning there was a cold and fierce wind which prevailed all day.

—Reader, if you get us a club of 4 new subscribers to the Reporter, for one year, with the cash, we will send you a copy free year. Try it.

—For nice fresh groceries, for the holidays, go to Sechler's, who have the largest and best assortment in the county.

—If you desire a first class article for the table Sechler's always have it.

—Miller's photograph car in town, and expects to locate only for a short time. Persons wishing fine work done should call between the hours of 10 and 3. The finest work done when snowing.

—The Juniata county jail has not a single prisoner, but the Bellefonte jail is full, and if some of the thieves that have lately been stealing poultry and other articles, don't look out, our jail will be fuller, as some fellows are strongly suspected.

—Inc Christmas candies, all the foreign and domestic fruits of the season, sugarcoated, teas, canned goods, evaporated fruit, and all first class goods, fresh and especially laid in for Christmas and New Years, at Sechler's well known stand.

—Prof. P. O. Silver, of Orangeville, Pa., arrived in this section last Saturday, on a visit to his native home. The professor is county superintendent of his county and fills the position well. He is in this section several years ago, and likes it very much. He will return to his home in a short time.

—The Milton Argus says:—The Bill-Meyer hunting party arrived in town last Saturday, from Centre county, with fifty-seven pheasants. They killed in all, seventy-nine of the beautiful birds. A deer and a large number of rabbits were also shot by the hunters. That the way Centre county game goes.

MARKETS.

Price in this county are as follows: Red wheat \$1.00, white 95, rye 50, corn 40 to 44 cents 28 to 30, butter 24, eggs 24, lard 8, pork 6, beef 6.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

The Holiday Season is approaching, and everyone is looking around for something beautiful in the way of a present. We desire to state that we have unpacked an exceptionally fine line of

SILVERWARE, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RINGS, PINS, ETC., ETC.

Our assortment of silverware is complete. Castors, Pickle Stands, Butter Dishes, Cake and Fruit Baskets, Napkin Rings, Spectacles, Arundel tinted, gold and steel, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., etc., all of the latest designs, and guaranteed.

Call and see our stock, even if you do not buy.

BUSHMAN & KREAMER.

Christmas Greetings!

WM. WOLF & SON

We have displayed on our counters the finest line of

O---XMAS GOODS---O

in this section. It is complete in every particular, consisting of a collection of beautiful articles suitable for presents.

Plush Goods, Albums, Shaving Sets, Smoker's Set, Toys of every variety and description, etc. Our line of China and Glass Ware is exceedingly fine. If you wish to make a present, always select something handsome, elegant and durable, to which view our stock has been selected, and it will be appreciated.

Yours Very Respectfully,

Wm. Wolf & Son.

Bartholomew's - Store!

THE BUSIEST PLACE IN TOWN

The best place in the valley for bargains.

New goods come every day and are gone the next, and keeps us busy replenishing stock. Our line of Fall and Winter Goods, is here and more coming. Ladies' Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Ladies' Coats, full line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Woolen Blankets, Robes, Clothing, Overcoats, just received. We have the nicest

RAG CARPET,

ever brought to the town. Full line of Lumbermen's Boots and Shoes; best assortment of Cook Stoves, with reversible cross-piece on the top.

Our Motto: Quick Sales and Small Profits.

Highest market prices paid for all kinds of country produce at

Bartholomew's Store.

Centre Hall Station.

McCORMICK BROS.

McCORMICK BROS.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS—

—FURNITURE—

Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits, Side Boards, Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs Undertaking a Specialty.

Bargains! :- New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons. Our line of Fancy Plaid, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS! ---O---SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmere; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Command see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.